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MEMOIRS OF THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA.

MARIA LOUISA, Infanta of Spain, Queen of Etruria, the third daughter of King Charles IV. and Maria Louisa Infanta of Parma, was born in 1782. She was still very young when the Infant Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, came to Madrid for the purpose of receiving the hand of the Infanta Maria Amelia. That princess was of a very melancholy and reserved character; Maria Louisa on the contrary united to the graces of her sex the vivacity and sprightliness peculiar to her age. The prince of Parma had inspired an equal inclination to the two sisters, but eventually preferred Maria Louisa. It is at the period of her marriage (1796) that these Memoirs commence.

The royal pair resided in Spain, and lived very happily together. In the 6th year after her marriage the princess bore a son, and in the following year the prince, by the Treaty of Luneville, was called to the throne of Tuscany by the title of King of Etruria. In April 1801 the King and Queen set out for Tuscany, taking Paris in their way at the express desire of the First Consul, "who wished to see what effect the presence of a Bourbon would produce in France"! "Alarmed as we were at this intelligence, (says the Queen,) it appeared evident to us that the danger in which our lives might be placed, was not at all thought of, in comparison with pleasing Buon-

aparte, and exhibiting us in a country where a few years before so atrocious a massacre had been made of our family. All that we could say on the subject, however, was useless, and we were obliged to take the road to Paris." Three weeks' residence in the French capital dispelled these fears, and, prosecuting their journey, the travellers in August 1801 reached the royal palace at Florence, which they found in so forlorn a condition as to oblige them to have recourse to the neighbouring nobility for plate and other articles of domestic use. "Our court (the Queen writes) was gradually formed, but I could not succeed in retaining in my suite a single Spanish lady; all those who had accompanied me to Florence were recalled a month after our arrival." Tuscany was at this time occupied by French troops under Murat; a burden pressing very heavily on the people, but which all the endeavours of the King failed to remove.

In 1802 the King and Queen, though the former was in declining health and the latter far gone in pregnancy, undertook a visit to Spain, to be present at the marriage of the Prince of Asturias (now Ferdinand VII.) to the princess Maria Antoinette of Naples. The journey altogether proved disastrous, for her majesty suffered not a little in being delivered of a princess at sea, and the fatigue of travelling so much augmented the disorders of her consort,

that five months after their return to Florence, in 1803, she was left a widow at the age of twenty-one, with two children. Having premised thus much, we shall now leave the Queen to relate her subsequent oppressions and sufferings in her own words.

"When I assumed the reins of government my sole idea was to promote the happiness of my subjects - - - the King, my son, was every thing that I could wish - - - my only ambition was, to be able some day to show him the difference between the deplorable state in which I had found the kingdom, and that in which I expected to deliver it into his hands. In the midst of these agreeable illusions, a fatal blow came to overturn the structure of happiness which I took a pleasure in elevating. On the 23d November 1807, while I was at one of my country residences, the French minister D'Aubusson la Feuillade, came to inform me that Spain had ceded my kingdom to France; that it was necessary I should depart. - - - The entrance of the French troops into the capital compelled me, contrary to my wishes and intentions, to quit the kingdom. At the moment of our departure, the French published a proclamation, in which they released our subjects from their oath of fidelity; but nothing of that sort could be valid—first, because that measure was the effect of compulsion; secondly, that it was founded on motives that had no existence. In this manner, on the 10th of December, 1807, at the worst period of the year, I took leave of a country where my heart has ever since remained. I was given to understand that a part of Portugal would be offered me, as a compensation for Tuscany; but that offer only served to increase my affliction.

"At Milan, I had an interview with Napoleon, in which I expressed to him the sorrow I felt at quitting Tuscany, and requested that he would be good enough to restore me that state, in place of the portion of Portugal. He had the impudence to tell me, that for his own part, he would have left me quiet in Tuscany, but that it was the court of Spain which had proposed the exchange, because my parents wished

me to be nearer to them. This man had already formed the idea of invading Spain, and he wished to prevail on me not to return there, but to reside at Turin or Nice. - - - My parents met me at Aranjuez; and after enjoying the satisfaction of seeing them, along with my brothers, my first care was to get information of the treaty by which I had been deprived of my sovereignty. They told me that they had been deceived. I cannot deny that while on one side I was as it were thunderstruck by the discovery of the horrible treachery committed against us; on the other, this discovery somewhat consoled me, and encouraged me to renew my entreaties to be allowed to return to my dear Tuscany. While the attempts I made to effect this were going on, the revolution of the 18th of March, and my father's renunciation of the crown took place, and my brother was named his successor. I used the same entreaties with him, and had obtained the most solemn promise from him that my wish should be gratified, when, by a second act of treachery, he was drawn to Bayonne, and we were all obliged to follow him. - - - I knew nothing of what had been going on, and almost the first words which my father addressed to me on my arrival there, were, 'You must know, my daughter, that our family has forever ceased to reign.' I thought I should have died at the intelligence. I knew not what could have taken place, never having had even the remotest idea of the possibility of such an occurrence. I took leave of my parents, and retired into my chamber, more dead than alive."

Buonaparte being at this time at Bayonne, Maria Louisa sought a negotiation, which was for some time carried on speciously, but in the sequel left her a prisoner with her father and mother, who were destined to repair to Fontainebleau, while her brothers were ordered to Valençay.

In May 1808 the ex-patriated Queen arrived at Fontainebleau, where finding only a single apartment allotted to herself and family, she in consequence hired a house called Passy: but at the moment of taking possession, was escorted back by troops, two sentinels

placed at her door, and her case farther aggravated by having a year's rent to pay. At this time she became subject to convulsive fits. Soon after, the family were ordered to Compiègne, where, on their arrival a deduction of 12,000 francs per month was made from their pension, to pay the charges of this forced removal; and on the Queen's application for an allowance for her children as Infants of Spain, she was shown the Imperial Almanack, where her children were not entered in that quality, and which, she was told, "gave the law in all such matters." In September of this year the old King and Queen of Spain obtained leave to go to Marseilles; and early in the following Spring the Queen of Etruria was ordered to retire to Parma, receiving at the moment of departure a letter from Buonaparte, wishing her a pleasant journey. On arriving at Lyons, however, she found her people sent on before her, and was waited on by the Prefect, directing her to proceed to Nice. It was here (in 1811) that the unfortunate Queen conceived a plan of escape to England; but just as every purpose was ripe for execution, her house was entered at midnight by gens-d'armes, her papers seized, her principal servants sent prisoners to Paris, while for herself she was told that the clemency of the Emperor had merely sentenced her to be shut up in a monastery with her daughter, and that her son was to be sent to his grandfather and grandmother.

Only twenty-four hours elapsed between this order and its execution. In that short space I was condemned to be separated from a son whom I loved most tenderly, from a house which in losing me lost every thing, and from all my property. I travelled night and day with my daughter, with only one lady to accompany us, besides a female servant and a physician; and to complete our party, we had the wretch of a commissary, who showed the most brutal insensibility, when he saw the tears I shed for the loss of my son, just torn from my arms. Every sort of rudeness which could be thought of to insult me during our journey, he made use of; we were in addition exposed to

the insults of the populace, who murmured at seeing a carriage filled with women followed by a police officer. In this manner, at the end of ten days, we arrived at Rome in the evening. At the last post, I was delivered into the custody of an officer of the Roman police; and about nine o'clock in the evening we reached the monastery, the prioress of which, with a single light in her hand, came to the door to receive us; neither bed, supper, nor chamber were prepared for the Queen of Etruria and her daughter.

"I remained two years and a half in this monastery, and a whole year without seeing a soul, without speaking to a creature, and without being allowed to write or receive news, not even of my own son. I was put into an apartment which looked into the inner court, and forbid to appear at any of the outer windows. Exactly a month after my entrance into the convent, Janet, intendant of the treasury, paid me a visit, and took from me the jewels I had brought with me,* after which I was allowed a pension of 2,500 francs per month for my support. I had passed eleven months in the convent, when my parents arrived at Rome on the 16th of July, 1812. I was in hopes of being set at liberty immediately after; but far from that, in place of the severity in which I was treated being diminished, I was placed under greater restrictions than ever; and their cruelty was even carried so far as to forbid my father, or any of the members of my family, from approaching the convent themselves, or sending any messenger there. Once a month only, sometimes at greater intervals, General Miollis brought my parents and my son to visit me, but I was not allowed to kiss the dear child more than once; or even to look at him but at a distance, and always in the presence of witnesses. These rare visits lasted only a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at most. In this sorrowful state I remained during two years and a half, so completely cut off from all intercourse with the world, that when a stranger came to visit the monastery,

* A part of them was afterwards restored.

I was ordered to shut myself up in my chamber, and not allowed to quit it, until the prioress sent me word that the visitor had departed. General Miollis, came frequently to see me, not only in the unworthy capacity of gaoler, but to insult my fallen situation with his sardonic laugh and insolent speeches.

"During these last months, my health had suffered so much that I was obliged to keep my bed. The physician as well as the prioress herself, sent urgent applications to Paris, backed by the certificates of medical men, in order to obtain, if not my enlargement, at least sufficient liberty to take exercise; but no answer was returned, and perhaps nothing would have pleased the then sovereign of France better, than to hear of my death under such circumstances; the death of an individual of the house of Bourbon being to him a source of triumph and rejoicing; and that rejoicing I should certainly have afforded him, if my cruel situation had lasted much longer. But Providence, which watches with particular care over innocence, opened a means for my deliverance. By the treaty of Murat with the allies, Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began to breathe in expectation of a change of government. Miollis, however used all his efforts to induce my parents to shut themselves up with him in the castle; as for me he threatened to send me to Civita Vecchia, and God knows what he meant to have done with me."

On the 17th of January 1814, the

government was changed, and the captive was liberated; and the next day she tells us triumphantly, "I had the pleasure of once more embracing my son, and my parents."

"As soon as I quitted the monastery, I demanded an increase of my pension, as it was impossible for me to live on 2,500 francs per month. Having spoken on the subject to Murat, when he passed through Rome on the 6th of February, he made a decree increasing it to 33,000 francs per month, which was subsequently diminished to 10,000; and that sum I have continued to receive."

These Memoirs were written a few days after the liberation of Italy, in 1814, and were addressed to the allied powers, by the authoress, in vindication of her own rights, and those of her son, to the duchy of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. The reader will not fail to unite with us in attaching importance to this effort of an injured Queen; while every feeling heart must rejoice at the success of it, the Congress of Vienna having acknowledged the validity of her claims, and decided that possession of those states should be restored to her after the death of the archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis I.; and assigned her the principality of Lucca as a provisional indemnity. When we hear so much of the afflictions of Buonaparte, his separation from his wife and son, it is not amiss in so simple a narrative as this, to contemplate the sorrows he inflicted on others.

(London Mag.)

An event highly interesting to humanity is now taking place at the Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A baker was brought to that Hospital, who, in the course of the day, had suffered some fits, and the next day, M. Caillard, the resident physician, immediately recognized the existence of hydrophobia, and some hours afterwards the malady arrived at its most violent stage. The wildest fury, the desire of biting, dreadful outcries, and a horror of every species of liquid, were at their height. M. Caillard knowing that Dr. Magendie was engaged in researches on hydrophobia, requested him to take charge of its unhappy patient. Without losing time Dr. Magendie, acting on his former experiments, assisted by the students, injected about a pint of warm water,

of the temperature of blood, into a vein of the arm. This operation, rendered difficult by the frightful convulsions of the patient, has hitherto had the happiest effects. Half an hour after the injection he recovered his reason. The convulsions and the desire of biting ceased. He could drink—in short, all the symptoms of hydrophobia disappeared, as if by enchantment, to the great surprise of the assistants. Several days have elapsed since the operation; we cannot yet venture to pronounce as to its definitive result, but every thing seems to presage the escape of the patient from the horrible calamity which never before spared any of its victims. His case has inspired the liveliest interest on his behalf. [He has since died.]

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. X.

ON THE POWER OF HABIT.

IF any one would instruct mankind in the art of preserving health and attaining longevity, without having occasion to submit to the numerous rules laid down by physicians for the regulation of their conduct in regard to these points, let him teach them the secret of habituating themselves to every thing. Custom permits those who place themselves under her protection to live as they please, and bestows health and long life at the cheapest rate. She marches in triumph over the tables inscribed with laws of physicians, and shows her votaries that they may enjoy health, while pursuing a way of life, which, according to Hippocrates, must speedily and infallibly precipitate them into the grave. Custom, nevertheless, operates agreeably to the principles of medicine, and serves rather to confirm than to invalidate them, as will be manifest to every one who forms correct notions on the subject.

Habit, or custom, for I shall use these terms indiscriminately, is not a property of mere mechanical machines. A watch, for instance, cannot be accustomed to any thing: animal machines alone are susceptible of this quality. These machines are moved by the senses and by perceptions: and herein consists the whole secret of habit. Sense, which resides in the nerves, when communicated to the brain, produces in the soul perceptions or feelings; and both this sensibility of the nerves, and these perceptions of the soul cause movements in the machine that are sometimes voluntary, and at others of a different nature. Metaphysicians assert, that perceptions, frequently repeated in the soul, gradually become more and more faint, and at length so weak that it is much the same as if they never took place. Often-repeated sensations which the soul feels strongly at first, cease in time to produce any impression upon it; and in this case we say that we are accustomed to such sensations. But though the perceptions of the soul cease to make that impression on the brain which

once occasioned the movements that accompany the perceptions, still the sensibility of the nerves alone, without the co-operation of perceptions, is capable of effecting the same movements, agreeable to the laws of sense. In this case, sense alone, without any consciousness and perception of the soul, after it has been very frequently produced in the nerves, gives rise to actions and movements,—which at first never took place without consciousness and without perceptions in the soul. We then say, that we are accustomed to certain actions, to certain movements, that they have become mechanical to us. The nerves themselves may, by frequently-repeated impressions, gradually lose their sensibility, and then we are not only accustomed to such sensations, because such a nerve has ceased to communicate perceptions to the soul; but the actions and movements of the machine, which used to accompany the perceptions and the sensibility excited in this nerve, also cease to take place, because the moving power, sense, is annihilated in the nerve. Thus we are enabled by habit to endure more, and are secured from the effects of certain sensations, which used infallibly to attend those sensations. We thus escape the troubles and dangers, which many sensations would bring in their train, if we were not accustomed to them. Whoever is capable of reflecting a little, will easily be able to deduce the numerous examples of the power of habit recorded in the sequel from these principles, which I shall not do, because it is not my intention to treat the reader with speculations, but with practical remarks on habit, that each may thence learn to determine the application of this animal property to his own particular case.

It is common to use the expression, that a person is accustomed to something, in an improper signification. Of a person, who by degrees learns to see distinctly in the dark, we say, he is accustomed to darkness, while in fact it is only his soul that feels more acute.

ly and discriminates more precisely. As the muscles of the body become stronger by frequent exercise, and capable of moving greater loads; we say of persons who have thus increased their strength, that they are accustomed to hard labour, whereas they have only acquired vigour in a physical manner, as a magnet by degrees becomes capable of supporting a heavier object, and as a young tree that is bent will raise a greater weight the stronger it becomes by its growth. Thus, too, it is the practice to say of the movements which we learn to perform with greater celerity, that we have acquired it by habit, though the real state of the case is, that machines employed in the constant repetition of the same movements, become more supple and pliant, and in time overcome many little obstacles; for it is well known that a machine composed of many wheels goes much more easily and smoothly when it has been worked for some time, than it did at first. This mode of expression, how erroneous soever, we are now compelled to adopt; and as in the sequel of this paper, I shall include all these cases among customs, I would merely remark for the information of my speculative readers, that they must not seek to account for these customs, improperly so called, according to the laws of sense, but on physical principles.

It will now be easy to perceive how far the instances of the power of habit are from invalidating the general doctrines of medicine. Physicians warn every one against exposure of the chest, and threaten those who disregard their admonitions with catarrhs and inflammatory fevers. Such, indeed, are the consequences of that degree of cold which prevents the circulation of the juices and causes obstructions. Nevertheless, a female with open bosom shall brave a cold sufficient to freeze twenty young men, without sustaining any injury. Is this any refutation of us? By no means. The principle remains true, that cold occasions obstructions, catarrhs, and inflammations. But the degree of cold which produces these results in thousands, has not the same power over the lady, because the nerves

of her bosom are inured to it, and it has no more effect upon her than a cool air would have upon the others.

For this reason I was justified in commencing the present paper by asserting, that the way to endure without inconvenience what physicians consider as dangerous, is to accustom ourselves to every thing. To illustrate this position, I will go through the principal things to which we may habituate ourselves; that I may at the same time have an opportunity of adding some remarks serviceable to such as think fit to choose this convenient way for preserving health and attaining long life, contrary to all the rules of the science.

A few general rules must be premised. Though Celsus has remarked, that people ought to accustom themselves to every thing, that they may not sink under every trivial accident, still he advises a good choice in the things to which they should strive to become habituated. Gardens, fields, the city, the water, the chace, are all praised by him, but he recommends exercise in preference to repose. Thus there are things to which people must not accustom themselves, because it is more beneficial to life and health that they should not acquire this facility. As habit does away with the effects of certain sensations and perceptions, so it can also annihilate such effects as are conducive to health. Indolent repose weakens the animal powers; it is, therefore, better that it should be oppressive to us, that we may avoid it, than that we should learn by habit to endure it. This observation applies to numberless other cases. When we have accustomed ourselves to a hundred things, still a thousand others are left to which we are not accustomed, and which, on account of our being habituated to the former, we cannot bear without the greater danger. Whoever has habituated himself to digest coarse food, is attacked with fever if he is confined to a light delicate diet. It would, therefore, have been more serviceable to him if he had not accustomed himself solely to hard fare. Well then, you will reply, let people habituate themselves to opposites, to cold and heat,

to heavy and light food, &c. But it should be shown that this is not always practicable; and it is the more dangerous to accustom ourselves to some things only. Great caution is therefore necessary, in the choice of the things to which people strive to habituate themselves, and they ought, moreover, to consider the whole state of the body, and all the circumstances in which they are at present, or may in future chance to be. Nay, more—habit extends only to the animal nature; all the parts of the mechanism of the human body do not belong to this nature, though they are requisite for health and life. There are, of course, circumstances in human life, which the power of habit cannot control, because they are not within its domain. Blood when obstructed, tends to putrefaction, and habit cannot prevent this, because it is a merely physical, but not an animal effect. It is, therefore, proper to guard against such habits, the consequences of which extend to the physical nature of the human body, where they are no longer under its control. On account of the great complication of the animal with the mechanical and physical changes in animals, the cases indeed are rare, in which any thing of this kind could happen. Their bare possibility, however, demonstrates, that he would act very unwisely, who should imagine, that he ought to be able to accustom himself to every thing, or who should be weak enough to suffer himself to be persuaded by the authority of old adages, that there is nothing in nature to which people may not habituate themselves; that, what one has accustomed himself to, another may; and that by habit we may produce a complete revolution in nature. These much too general maxims are as false as it would be to assert, that we ought not to accustom ourselves to any thing; that habit does not enable us to endure more than what nature is capable of enduring without it, since the weakest person, in particular things to which he has accustomed himself, is stronger than the most robust man; that we cannot wean ourselves from any thing that has once become natural; or, that

we ought to wean ourselves from such things only as are troublesome.

It is, moreover, to be observed, that no habit is to be acquired suddenly, but only by long practice. We ought not, therefore, to rely upon it too early, and to expose ourselves to dangers which we are not yet capable of enduring. This indiscretion costs many their lives. When they have several times indulged in irregularities or excesses with impunity, they become bold, and venture once more at an unlucky moment to repeat them, under the idea that habit has rendered them harmless.

The safest habits are those which we have acquired, not of ourselves, but through the management of those who had the care of us in our tenderest infancy. Adults find it more difficult, and the aged very rarely succeed, in gaining new habits. For the sick and persons of weak constitutions, it is never advisable to attempt to acquire new habits, or to relinquish old ones, whether in themselves beneficial or pernicious. Paul Jovius says of the physician of Pope Clement VII., named Curtius, that he was considered as being to blame for his death, because he persuaded his Holiness, who, though yet a hearty man, was advanced in years, to adopt a more regular way of living than he had been accustomed to. The same animadversion is passed by Onuphrius, Panphinius, on the physician of Pope Julius III., who was affected with the gout; though others are of opinion, that he brought upon himself the fever of which he died by feigning indisposition, from reasons of state, and, to save appearances, taking lighter food than he had been used to do. Galen expressly forbids the attempting of alteration, even in bad habits, during illness, and relates a case in point. A certain Aristotle of Mytiline, had never drank cold water, but was attacked with a disease in which it was thought necessary for him to take it. The patient declared his conviction that it would produce spasms, and appealed to an instance of the kind within his own knowledge; he nevertheless strove, for his benefit, as he thought, to overcome habit. He drank

the water and died. So essential is it that physicians themselves should be guided by the habits of their patients ; and upon this is grounded the maxim of those who assert that they will not have any physician, who is not acquainted with the nature of their constitution. This nature is made up chiefly of their habits ; so that Celsus was perfectly right when he observed, that no physician could be so serviceable to a patient as one who was at the same time his intimate friend.

So much for general rules ! Let us now consider the principal and the most common things over which habit can acquire dominion, and we shall be astonished what it is capable of effecting, when it determines to violate all the laws of medicine.

Every one knows what dangers they have to apprehend who live in an unwholesome air. Habit, however, can enable people to endure it. Sanctorius relates, that a man, who had lived twenty years in a close dungeon, became sickly as soon as he was liberated, and that he never could regain his health, though he had the best medical advice, till he furnished occasion for his being once more confined in the same prison. I knew a female myself, who had lived so many years shut up in her apartment, that even in the finest weather she durst not open her window, because the fresh air made her faint away. Birds that have been long confined in close rooms, become sickly and die as soon as they are exposed to the air. There are people so habituated to a dry, and others to a damp air, that they cannot endure any other. How many travellers fall sick when they quit their own country and breathe a foreign air ! How the unfortunate armies engaged in the crusades were thinned as soon as they reached the distant theatre of operations ! Observations of this kind induced Paul Zacchias to advise patients to seek the air of their native country, to which they were accustomed, though it were even bad in comparison with that in which they actually were. Habit enables the hunter, as Cicero says, to pass the night upon the snow, and in the day-time to brave the scorching heat of the

sun upon the mountains. Soldiers afford instances of the same kind. Vegetius remarks that the most experienced generals have exercised their troops in snow and rain, in consequence of which they have remained healthy while in camp, and been rendered vigorous and persevering in battle. I might also deduce in evidence our stage-coachmen who travel day and night in all weathers : nay, our labourers, our farming-men, and in particular the trampers, some of whom scarcely know what it is to lodge in a house, prove every day by their example, that the most inclement weather has no effect upon them. In their case, however, a few circumstances are to be considered. Most of these persons are the offspring of robust parents, and from their infancy have been exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. Such as have perished in their apprenticeship, if I may so term it, are not taken into the account ; and even those who are most inured to hardships are often suddenly attacked by diseases which consign them to the grave. If, therefore, people are to be so brought up as to be rendered extremely hardy, a large proportion of them must be expected to perish in the attempt. The Ostiaks, who rove about in the northern parts of Siberia, and can withstand all weathers, would no doubt be more numerous, if they were not so hardly bred. It is easy to imagine how many of them must perish, if the women, according to Weber's account, bring forth their children during their excursions, in the open air, and immediately after their birth sometimes plunge them into the snow, at others put them into their warm bosoms, and in this manner pursue their route with them. Such as survive this treatment, indeed, are so much the more hardy. A Tartar infant which has stood the test of being plunged, just after its birth, into water, through a hole made in the ice, an Ostiak, or a Russian, will afterwards experience no inconvenience, when, on arriving at manhood, he runs naked out of the hot bath and leaps into the river which is full of floating ice : on the contrary, this is to him an agreeable refrigerant. All the hardy persons

who triumph over Nature, have laid the foundation of their robust constitution in the first years of infancy, when nobody cared whether they lived or died. From being thus hardily brought up, the Laplanders, the Swiss, and the peasantry of almost every country, can defy the vicissitudes of the weather, scarcely feel the severest cold, and are rendered capable of enduring the fatigues of war. Hence it is evident that these people are not fit models for the imitation of persons descended from less hardy progenitors, and who have been more delicately reared.

The most offensive effluvia, which delicate persons cannot endure, are frequently a refreshment to those who are accustomed to them. Vega cured a seaman who was thrown into an almost fatal swoon by the savoury smells of a grand entertainment, by causing him to be laid on the beach and covered with mire and sea-weed, by which means he came to himself again in about four hours. Lemnius relates of a peasant who fainted at the smell of the drugs in an apothecary's shop, that he recovered on being carried to a dunghill. Strabo has remarked that the Sabæans, who swooned at perfumes, were revived by means of burnt rosin and goats' hair. Such persons resemble the Karusches, who live in mud, as in their proper element; and yet we find that such hardy people are sometimes suddenly deprived of life by a violent stench.

In regard to food, it is very certain that habit can raise us above the standard of ordinary men. "Meat and drink to which we are accustomed," says Hippocrates, "agree with us, though naturally pernicious: but not those aliments to which we are unaccustomed, though naturally wholesome:" and hence he concludes, that it is more beneficial to adhere to the same sorts of food than to change them abruptly, even though we substitute better in their stead. Alexander the Great, when in India, found it necessary to forbid his army the use of wholesome food, because it carried off his men, owing to their not being accustomed to it. So true is the observation

of Celsus, that "whatever is contrary to our habits, whether it be hard or soft, is prejudicial to health."

Excess in eating and drinking may even become habitual. When Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, was prevented by a siege from indulging in this kind of excess, he wasted away till he was enabled to resume his habits of intemperance. Drunkards, in the morning, when sober, can scarcely stand upon their legs; but when they return home at night intoxicated, they walk with as firm a step as the most sober of us all. Many of them continue to swill till the moment of their death, and even prolong their lives by so doing; for to deprive them by force of their liquor would, in reality, but accelerate their end. Sanctorius advised a Hungarian nobleman to give up drinking strong wines; but he was reduced so low by confining himself to lighter sorts, that he was absolutely obliged to return to the strong. Such habits ought not to induce any one to imitate them; for the very practice by which they are acquired injures the constitution to such a degree, that no sooner have we gained the desired habit than we perceive how near it has brought us to a premature grave. Wepfer saw a person who could swallow melted butter by spoonfuls without injury; and I myself knew an old man, whose veracity I had no reason to doubt, who declared that he had often drunk at once a pint of melted fat without sustaining any inconvenience. Pechlin states, that some one had so accustomed himself to putrid water in Holland, that when, on account of debility of the stomach, he was advised to relinquish that beverage, he found it impossible to dispense with it, at least boiled and mixed with spice. Wine, on the other hand, was so disgusting to him, that he never could take it otherwise than diluted with water. But what person could be so mad as to accustom himself to drink melted fat and putrid water? We ought not to accustom ourselves to any thing to which we cannot become habituated but to the injury of our health and the peril of our lives.

To this class belong particularly me-

dicines and poisons ; especially as many seek either fame or benefit in habituating themselves to them. I have frequently condemned the unlucky mania of many healthy persons for taking physic ; the very habit which is thus acquired is the strongest reason for desisting from the practice. According to the laws of habit, the more frequently medicines are employed, the weaker is their operation ; and to what remedies shall the sick have recourse, when they have already accustomed themselves to their use in health. Experience proves these pernicious effects from all species of medicines and poisons. A cathartic frequently repeated ceases to produce any effect. Theophrastus knew a person who ate black hellebore by handfuls, without vomiting or purging. The common use of mercury renders that remedy inefficacious in the venereal disease. The men who are obliged to work in quicksilver mines are thrown in the first days into violent salivation ; when they are afterwards compelled by blows to resume this dangerous occupation, that effect ceases, and no sooner has habit enabled them to withstand the influence of the metallic effluvia than death carries them off. Of opium I shall here say nothing, as I intend to make it the subject of a distinct paper.—A woman who had brought a consumption on herself by the immoderate use of spirits, when reduced to the last extremity, sent for a physician ; she was in a hectic fever, quite emaciated, swollen, and completely exhausted. She had been previously accustomed to drink a bottle of French brandy every day, and the physician actually found her intoxicated. He exhorted her to discontinue this practice, and her attendants were strictly forbidden to give her any spirituous liquors. She had scarcely passed a day in this forced abstinence, when all about her prepared for her speedy dissolution. She became delirious ; her eyes were fixed ; her cough almost choked her ; she could not sleep a wink ; excessive perspiration at night, and diarrhœa in the day, exhausted her small remains of strength : she seemed no longer to see, to hear, or to feel. The doctor, who exerted all

his skill for her relief, could not prevent her becoming daily worse ; and though the patient earnestly solicited the indulgence of brandy, he forbade it for that reason the more strictly. She passed nine days in this state between life and death. At length her maid-servant took pity on her and gave her a bottle of brandy. She drank about a third of it at once, and the remainder in the course of the day. Her evident improvement induced her attendants to supply her, unknown to the physician, with her usual quantity of spirits. Her delirium subsided ; she recovered her senses, and talked rationally as long as she was furnished with the means of intoxication. Her cough became less troublesome ; she slept well, and was able to sit up a considerable time. In this amended state she remained about a month, at the expiration of which she became insensible, and expired in two days. There are numerous instances of this kind, from which a physician may learn that, in diseases arising from habit, it is proper to relax a little in the severity of his principles. Some of these facts are related by Monro.—A man-sook, whose nose was nearly cut off, had lost a great deal of blood. He was allowed to take wine in barley-water or whey, but he remained very weak, frequently fainted, and was troubled with head-ache. He had been accustomed to drink daily a considerable quantity of ale, wine, and spirits. At his request some ale, with a quarter of brandy, was given him, and from that time he began to mend, and continued to improve by the daily repetition of this allowance.—A man had broken his leg, and the physician confined him to milk and water and slops. He slept badly at night ; his pulse was weak and quick ; and he complained of thirst and head-ache. On the third day, upon a continuance of this diet, he was still sleepless and delirious ; got out of bed, tore away the cradle in which the leg was laid, and knew nobody. At the same time his weak pulse intermitted. The physician was informed that this man had been for many years a drunkard : he therefore permitted him to drink ale and brandy. He slept the next night,

and his fever and delirium were gone. Hé had drunk, the preceding day, a Scotch quart of ale and a quarter of a pint of brandy; and continuing to do the same daily, he recovered without farther accident.—A distiller fell into a vat containing hot spirits, and scalded his legs, thighs, and belly so dreadfully, that the skin of those parts soon turned quite hard and black. As his pulse was very quick he was let blood, and a strict diet was recommended. Next day he was a great deal weaker, with much anxiety and a low quick pulse. The third day he was very ill and insensible. His wife begged that she might be allowed to give him some brandy. Her request was complied with, and her husband grew better; the skin of the injured parts began to suppurate, and he completely recovered. His wife then confessed that she had given him a pint of brandy a day. To such a degree can habit weaken the effect of so strong a liquor as brandy.

Libau informs us, that the Ethiopians eat scorpions, and Mercurilis states, that the West Indians eat toads: neither of these facts is without a parallel in Europe. At Padua and Rome, there were two children who ate scorpions, and a girl took great pleasure in eating frogs, lizards, serpents, mice, and all sorts of insects. Another ate live lizards and caterpillars with pepper and vinegar. Of spider-eaters, who grew fat upon those disgusting insects, I could easily collect have a dozen instances from different writers. Galen relates of an old woman, that she had gradually habituated herself to make a meal of hemlock: and Sextus Empiricus assures us, that there have been persons who have taken thirty drams of that poison without injury. A student at Halle accustomed himself on purpose to arsenick, which he took with his food, from a boy; and though it at first occasioned vomiting, yet in time he could bear a considerable quantity. Hence it is evident, how one who habituates himself needlessly to physic, breaks down the bridges which, in case of emergency, might carry him in safety over the abysses of disease.

Even the use of our limbs, walking, standing, dancing, riding, speaking, singing, swimming, the ready use of the right or left hand, and a thousand other actions and movements, depend on practice; and this is the foundation of all the corporeal talents which excite the astonishment of mankind. Tullius makes mention of a woman who could thread a needle, tie firm knots, and write with her tongue. Rope-dancers, and people who have grown up in a savage state, display equally extraordinary feats. We may therefore easily infer, that strength also, and capability of enduring fatigue, may be acquired by practice. A robust young fellow, just sent to the galleys, is surprised at the fatigue which his older and much weaker companions can go through. The ancient physicians were aware of the reason of this. "An infirm old man," says Hippocrates, "can perform hard labour to which he is accustomed, with greater ease than a young man who is ever so strong but unaccustomed to it;" and Celsus has an observation to the same effect.

The senses, also, are powerfully influenced by habit. By accustoming our eyes to spectacles and glasses, we soon render them incapable of seeing without those auxiliaries. By habit, our ears gradually become insensible to the loudest noise, our nose to the most noisome stench, our palate to the most disgusting taste; and the Lacedæmonian youths were so accustomed to stripes, that, though beaten to death, they would not make a wry face. Memory, wit, presentiments, passions, may all be introduced by habit into the machine: hence it has been not unaptly remarked by a modern writer, that thought itself is but a habit. Moræus long since conceived the same idea, when he observed, "we have to ascribe life, and even wisdom itself, to nothing but habit; and that this alone, and not reason, governs our minds." Even study, otherwise so injurious, becomes innocent through habit. Many ancient philosophers, and among the moderns, Mallebranche, Cassini, Newton, Hofmann, Fontenelle, and other studious men, lived to an advanced age.

By way of conclusion, I must not omit to mention the natural evacuations, over which, habit has a powerful influence. Many people have natural discharges of blood, which must not be stopped. There is an instance of a healthy person, who had such a constipation, as to receive one call from nature every five weeks. Many perspire naturally very abundantly,

others not at all. Whoever should attempt to alter such habits, whether hurtful or beneficial, would bring his patients into great danger, and not accomplish any good purpose. Oh how many useful maxims does this single paper present to my readers and my colleagues! I could not exhaust the subject in as many sheets as I have here devoted pages to it.

(Lit. Gaz.)

A BIT OF BRIGHTON.

OF all those resorts of the Cockneys called Watering Places, there is none which presents so great a variety of character among its visitors as Brighton, particularly at this season, when the Metropolis may be truly said to be adjourned thither, its inhabitants showing their preference for wind and sea-air over fog and smoke. I was at Brighton some days ago, and could not help making a remark which I dare say has been often made before, and has yet to be often repeated, namely, that almost every third person I met bore the appearance of an old acquaintance. "Who is that? I know his face," was an exclamation perpetually on my tongue. I there saw visages which, in my walks in London, I had been accustomed constantly to meet in certain tracks and within certain limits, to which I then thought their peregrinations confined. The easy, loitering gait of the "West End," and the busy shuffle of the East; the well-cut frock of Pall Mall, and the thread-bare brown coat of Threadneedle-street, formed an assemblage which I cannot enumerate better than in the words of that eminent actor (or as Lord Byron would call him, that great tragedian,) Mr. Grimaldi—

"Jockeys, Jews, and Parlez-vous,
Courtizans and Quakers,
Players, peers, and auctioneers,
Parsons and undertakers."

The consideration of these matters had one day, after my walk along the Marine Parade, nearly overwhelmed me in a train of thought just as I arrived at the corner of the Steine. Now

(to use the language of my friend Sterne) the worst fault that can be alleged against this quarter of the town is, that if there is but a cap full of wind in or about Brighton, it is more blasphemously condemned here than at any other corner of the whole place,—and with reason good and cogent, as I now felt; for my meditation was suddenly cut short by a gust that swept me nearly across the road, and seemed disposed to carry me over on to the beach, had I not been caught in the arms of my friend Dick Surface, who stopped my flight, with much raillery on my abstraction. So I took Dick's arm and turned back with him—for he is a good-natured fellow and a pleasant companion, and sometimes ventures on a pun, which diversifies his conversation; and though not always the happiest effort of genius, generally raises a laugh either by its excellence or its absurdity.

I told him the subject of my meditation, which rather pleased him, as it gave him an opportunity of showing his knowledge of persons and things. "Look (said he) at that fat old fellow waddling as fast as his gouty legs can get on with their enormous burdens. He is one of the wise men of the East, and considered a great man in the City. He has grown to this size by his constant attendance at City feasts. Look at that back—widened at the expense of the Corporation—ha, ha, ha! Ever since his twentieth year he has made his life one long lord Mayor's feast. He is now walking for an appetite, in which he generally succeeds

so well, that 'the rage of the vulture'—(I beg the poet's pardon for perverting his meaning)—

'The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,' combine to add at least three good pounds to his weight.

"There goes a figure of a different order: observe that little Exquisite, with his small waist and his immense trowsers. He is a nephew of mine, and I have long endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to give up his ridiculous regard to fashion. The other day we were arguing the matter, and all that he could say in his defence was, that it would appear so odd if he were not to dress like the rest of the world. 'O yes, (replied I)

----- 'mihi dulces

Ignoscent, si quid peccavere Stultus amici.'

Which he begged me to translate for him. I accordingly informed him that it meant, 'My brother dandies would not know me were I to sin against *Stultz*;' and when I told him it was from Horace, he said he was a d—— sensible fellow, and is more than ever confirmed in his stultified notions.

"Ah, look there!—she is showing off now!" pointing to a woman of elegant appearance on horseback.

I had passed her before, and could not, in the midst of my reveries, refrain from a look of admiration. Grace seemed to pervade her form, and modesty her countenance; the glow of health appeared on her cheek, and the lustre of animation in her eye. Her horse seemed now to have become unruly; she was reining him in and backing him with an appearance more of confidence than of skill, while the restive animal swerved from side to side on the road. My first movement was to run to her assistance. "O, d—— her, let her alone, (said Dick,) it's all a fetch—she's a bad one!" Her horse, impatient of the curb, began to plunge, and at last reared and threw her. She fell on her feet, but her habit caught on the saddle. I was no longer to be restrained—I darted forward to assist her, but was anticipated by several gallants more alert than myself, who held her animal, while one

more forward than the rest had extricated her dress, and was supporting her in his arms. Her head rested in the most innocent manner on his shoulder, and quick breathings seemed to denote her agitation, though the same beautiful hue still mantled on her cheek, and some surprising cause—explain it, oh ye ladies!—prevented her changing colour. "Come, (said my relentness friend,) can't she make a faint of it?—No, I suppose that would not answer."

The trembling fair now raised her hand, and in words scarcely audible from alarm, desired her servant to lead home the horse; then accepting the proffered arm of her protector, walked away with a firm step, which seemed to countenance Dick's opinion of her. 'Prenez garde à vous, Monsieur,' said I. "There goes a gudgeon," said Dick.

My eyes followed them down the street, while my friend was addressed by a stout gentleman in spectacles, whom I afterwards found to be the Master of the Ceremonies.

"O!" (said Dick,) he has been enquiring the name of my friend, and threatens to do himself the honour of leaving a card at your door to-morrow."

"I hope you did not tell him my name."

"To be sure I did—though indeed I parried his attacks for some time, still he said he believed he had had the pleasure of seeing you in company with Lord Garish. I could not deprive you of the credit of so splendid an acquaintance, and replied, 'It was very likely—you had many friends among the nobility—that you were Mr. L——, of whom perhaps he had heard. He declared that he had frequently heard Lord Garish speak of you in the highest terms.'"

"Good heavens! how could you make such a fool of me!—you could not have believed him in earnest. However I will not be the dupe of his flattery—I will leave Brighton to-night. You know I have *no* friends among the nobility."

"Well, you are the oddest fellow!"

But I find my friend Dick chooses to

stand well with the M. C. wherever he goes ; as by making himself useful to him he gets in return a summary of all the chit-chat of the place, which he retails out with wonderful effect. Thus had he sacrificed me to his own aims, though he well knew my particular humour in these matters. However I determined to take flight that night, and so turned to have my last look on the ocean. The contemplation of that wonderful expanse always fills my mind with awe. ' Ah ! (said I,) should not we, who come here to trifle away our time in idleness or dissipation, be

by this boundless view reminded of the eternity to which we are all hastening? " — " Yes, (replied my friend in a tone of affected gravity,) and it also teaches me another lesson : Does it not warn us of the sort of characters we have to deal with here by its *imposing* effect ? " Now Dick thought this a very good pun ; and as I knew he would be anxious to find some one else to whom he might repeat it, I congratulated him on his wit, took leave of him, and returned to my lodgings, which I left that very night, and came to Town.

LEONATUS.

(Lond. Mag.)

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF BLOOMFIELD, THE SUFFOLK POET.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOU shouldst not to the grave descend
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung ;
Could harp of mine record thy end,
For thee that rude harp should be strung,—
And plaintive sounds as ever rung
Should all its simple notes employ,
Lamenting unto old and young,
The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S BOY.

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre,
Like that which gave thee modest fame,
How justly might its every wire
Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim ;
And many a stream of humble name,
And village-green and common wild—
Should witness tears that knew not shame,
By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry HORKEY's passing cup
Should pause—when that sad note was heard ;
The WIDOW turn HER HOUR-GLASS up,
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd ;
And many a pity-waken'd word,
And sighs that speak when language fails,
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
To prouder Poet's lofty tales.

Circling the OLD OAK TABLE round,
Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
Heroes and heroines yet are found
Like ARNER AND THE WIDOW JONES ;
There GILBERT MELDRUM's sterner tones
In Virtue's cause are bold and free ;
And e'en the patient sufferer's moans,
In pain, and sorrow—plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roof'd cot,
Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade
Hearts which confess thee unforget,
On heathy hill, in grassy glade ;
In many a spot by thee array'd
With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
Thy memory lives !—in EUSTON's shade,
By BARNHAM WATER's shadeless stream !

And long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy song, and thee :—
While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free ;
While Childhood's innocence and glee
With green Old Age enjoyment share ;—
RICHARDS and KATES shall tell of thee,
WALTERS and JAMES thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd
A Doric Lay so sweet as thine,
Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd
Around thy modest name to twine :—
And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
To bid thy minstrel honours live,
The praise my numbers can assign,
It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
To yield thy Muse her homage due ;
The praise her loveliest charms inspire
Should be as artless, simple too ;
Her eulogist should keep in view
Thy meek and unassuming worth,
And inspiration should renew
At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name
To win the smile of letter'd pride,
Yet is their noblest charm the same
As that by CASTALY supplied ;
From AGANIPPE's crystal tide
No brighter, fairer waves can start,
Than Nature's quiet teachings guide
From feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to THE HEART Song's noblest power—
Taste's purest precepts must refer ;
And Nature's tact, nor Art's proud dower,
Remains its best interpreter :
He who shall trust, without demur,
What his own better feelings teach,
Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
But to the hearts of others reach

It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its power unletter'd minds to sway,
But 'tis not these that most display
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
Words, phrases, fashions pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre
Its truest, and its tenderest spell ;
These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell :
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproach'd thee not.

To feel that thou hadst not incurr'd
The deep compunction, bitter shame,
Of prostituting gifts conferr'd
To strengthen Virtue's hallow'd claim,
How much more glorious is the name,
The humble name which thou hast won,
Than—"damn'd with everlasting fame,"
To be for fame itself undone.

Better, and nobler was thy choice
To be the Bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains ;
To paint with feeling in thy strains

The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste THEOCRITUS.

For this should SUFFOLK proudly own
Her grateful and her lasting debt ;—
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care, and keen regret,—
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to bear ;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her Poet's grateful prayer.

'TIS NOW TOO LATE ! the scene is clos'd,
Thy conflicts borne,—thy trials o'er ;—
And in the peaceful grave repos'd
That frame which pain shall rack no
more ;—

Peace to the Bard whose artless store
Was spread for Nature's lowliest child ;
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
Was lowly, simple, undefil'd.

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy verse and thee ;—
While nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free.
While SUFFOLK PEASANTRY may be
Such as thy sweetest tales make known,—
By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,
Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride *their own* !

(Lit. Gaz.)

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 10, 1823.

THE first volume of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, translated by MM. E. Didot and Mahon, has just appeared, to the great gratification of all the lovers of English literature. It is astonishing that a work so celebrated should now be translated for the first time in France ; and this fact proves at once our past ignorance of the riches and beauties of the English press, and our improving state of inquiry and information.

Yesterday appeared the Life of Mina, *son origine, les principales causes de sa célébrité, ses ruses stratégiques, ses galanteries, &c.* It is a complete romance, in which there are not a few marvellous and unfounded tales. There are, however, several anecdotes exceedingly curious : for instance :—"The mistress of an inn, Donna Marguirita, a fine looking woman, enterprising and amiable, took a fancy, though married, to a soldier in the 6th Italian regiment. Her *amours* were adroitly concealed from the poor husband, and had continued some months

when the arrival of some Spanish troops disturbed the enjoyment of the happy lovers. Roelli lingered some hours behind his comrades, and with difficulty tore himself from the embrace of his Marguirita. Some Miguelets of Navarre fell in with him at the gates of the town, and treated him in the most cruel manner. They bound him to a tree, after having stripped him naked, and then slashed his body with knives and poignards, particularly his cheeks, which were literally hashed in morsels ; in this horrible condition they hanged him on the same tree, exposed to the scorching rays of a meridian sun, and at the mercy of the ravenous birds, so numerous in the Peninsula. Some time after, a muleteer arrived at the inn, and made good his quarters by toasting off a bottle of wine in the Catalan style, that is, taking it down at one draught. "Parbleu, (cried he when he had finished,) I have just seen Roelli in a fine condition." "What do you say ?" exclaimed Donna Marguirita. "Yes, the *maladroit* has managed to be caught by our fellows, and now

he is in devout meditation, hanging on a tree, his eyes turned up to heaven as if he were looking for spots in the sun." At this fearful news the *jolie hôte*se, dissembling as well as she could her grief and her resolution, set off on her mule, and at night-fall arrived at the spot described by the muleteer. She immediately discovered the unfortunate Roelli; the heart of her lover still beat; he had been awkwardly suspended, as not unfrequently happened to the French, especially in Galicia. After many painful efforts, Marguirita succeeded in taking down the body of her friend, and placing it on her mule, she returned home, entered the stable silently and secretly, and carried the almost inanimate body into a retired loft. There she lavished on Roelli every imaginable, and even inconceivable attention, and when he was completely cured she enabled him to escape. Roelli is now at Paris, in the *Hôtel des Invalides*; two silver concave plates cover his cheeks, and conceal from the eyes of observers the horrid state of his face, mutilated and mangled by the Miguelets.

Paris, Aug. 27, 1823.

IN spite of the melting heat, the annual sitting of the French Academy in honour of St. Louis was numerously attended, first at the Church of St. Germain L'auxerrois, and afterwards in its own Salle. A report on the prize poems was read by M. Reynouard, perpetual secretary. The subject of the competition was the "Abolition of the Slave Trade." The Secretary began by some observations, sufficiently strong and perfectly just, on the infamous character of this odious traffic; and then proceeded to the examination of the different pieces, amounting, in number, to the no small delight of the friends of humanity, to fifty-four. The poem that carried the prize was composed by M. Victor Chauvet, already known as having gained an *accessit* last year on the subject of the *Peste de Barcelonne*. The piece to be crowned was first read by M. Picard, and, for both beauty of versification and energy of thought, it appeared to merit the high honour awarded by the Academy. Several extracts from other poems, deemed worthy of honourable mention, were

also read; one produced a very great impression, and drew tears in abundance from the eyes of the female part of the company. It was the description of a negress endeavouring to soothe and hush to silence her infant, because the captain of the slave-ship had ordered the babe to be killed if it continued to disturb his slumbers by its cries. Had the literary merits of this part of the Sitting been less evident and gratifying, the moral interest would still have been inspiring and delightful. What a reward to the labours of the virtuous, patient, persevering friends of the Abolition, to see fifty-four prize Essays on that subject heaped on the table of the French Academy! Certainly this fact is a counterpoise to another, not less notorious, viz. the zeal and enterprize which have been manifested of late years by French speculators in prosecuting this abominable and abhorred commerce.

L'Evêque d'Hermopolis, *directeur* of the Academy, followed M. Picard, and in a short exordium laid down as a principle, that if it be well to say, it is much better to do; and that of course the Academy ought not to have less pleasure in honouring a good action than in crowning a good poem. He then related the various acts of virtue which had merited the prize founded by M. de Montyon. The first, of 1500 francs, was awarded to the Sieur Becart, for having devoted himself to the relief of the wife of his old master, when she had fallen into want and sickness. He had begged for her support, and had nursed her through long illness, during which he had never slept but in a chair, lest he should sleep too soundly to be awake at the instant by the feeble voice of his former mistress, whose temper, soured by age and misfortunes, was so unpleasant, that she only repaid his devotions and his services by constant reproaches and by threats of driving him from her employment. Four prizes, of 1000 francs each, were then adjudged to as many females distinguished by their humanity, and who, themselves scarcely above want, had lavished their time and resources, and given the most touching attention to their fellow-creatures sinking in age and anguish.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

If 't were not for the splendid light
That trembles from yon beauteous star,
How dark would be the form of Night,
Careering in her dusky car.

'Tis thus enlivening Woman cheers
Man's gloomiest hour with fond caress,
When nought of kindred life appears
To sooth the pangs of deep distress.

And yet how oft his reckless heart
Neglects her in his reign of bliss,—

'Tis only in affliction's smart
We truly know what Woman is.

Then wherefore, Man, forget that friend
When Fortune's brighter planets shine?

Remember, when their beauties end,
How dark the night that must be thine.

But likest thou the thoughtless roe
That sports around the fountain's brink,
Nor heeds the rill that glides below,
Nor cares its limped wave to drink.

Not so when 'mid the desert's heat
She feels the pains of thirst begin,—
Oh then the bitterest draughts were sweet
To slake the fire that burns within.

So when with grief and cares oppress,
How soon we fly to Woman's arms,
And, suppliant round her generous breast,
Forget our woes for Beauty's charms.

October 11, 1823.

G. B. H.

(Lit. Gaz.)

MILLINGTON'S PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.*

WE have not had it in our power since our literary labours began, to recommend to the public a production, in its class, more excellent than this. The unassuming character and noiseless course of Mr. Millington have not concealed from the world, and far less from the lovers of science, the value of those modest talents of which he is possessed, and the services which his skill has rendered to the various departments of philosophy on which it has been employed. We expected therefore from him, and have not been disappointed, an *Epitome*, which should not only lead the *student* through these pleasant pursuits clearly and luminously, but should also comprehend, for the information of the *studied*, a full exposition of all the modern discoveries and improvements which could find place in a book of an elementary description. All this the author has done and done well. We know of no work where so much information is given on the subjects of which this volume treats;—mechanics, pneumatics, acoustics, hydrostatics, and hydraulics.†

Much originality could not by possi-

* An *Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Natural Philosophy*. Part the First, —&c. By John Millington, 8vo. pp. 358. London 1823.

† The Second Part is announced to contain Treatises on Magnetism, Electricity, Light, and Astronomy.

bility be produced upon these sciences, but what there is new has not been forgotten; and an admirable paper on the invention, progress, and present state of that wonderful power the Steam Engine, greatly enhances the worth and utility of the publication.

Having thus prefaced our notice of a performance which unites the intelligence of the inquisitive with the experience of the practical man; we nevertheless find it difficult to convey to our readers, either by extract or analysis, a complete idea of the work. Its nature is against reviewing, being very various; the doctrines laid down, illustrated by facts, which are interspersed at distances in the narrative, and the principles elucidated by experiments, which we cannot take into a comprehensive aggregate without going at length into the details which precede them: and above all, we are prevented by the consideration that so many of the data on which the structure is founded are familiar to most readers, that we could not hope to arrive at the less known information without largely encroaching on their patience and our own limits with common-places and school-elements. Yet we cannot do Mr. M. the injustice of altogether abstaining from the task, and shall therefore attempt a few summary articles from his valuable offering, respecting which he candidly states—

"He does not ground his claims to public favour on any pretended improvement or novelty of arrangement, but on the circumstance of his professional duties as a Civil Engineer having compelled him, through the greater part of his life, to be constantly making practical application of philosophical principles on a large scale. He trusts, therefore, that if no new light is thrown upon the subjects themselves, still that many more practical examples and hints will be found interspersed in this, than in many other similar or even more extended works on the same subjects. His principal aim has been to produce a book which might be useful both to the gentleman and practical mechanic, by giving a general insight into the laws and operations of nature, without entering into the minutiae, or the demonstrations by which they are analytically proved, and by offering simple, though in some cases merely approximate rules, by which the powers of machinery, and the operations of some of the agents of nature may be determined."

Such being the author's pretensions, he has adopted a judicious plan, and sets out most naturally with the consideration of solid matter, as at rest, and in a primitive and simple state. He then proceeds to examine it "under the influence of attraction and motion, and afterwards in the state of fluidity and vapour. These heads comprehend all that is known of ponderable matter, and with them the present part of the work terminates."

The Epitome is divided into Sections: the first treats of the Properties of Matter,† i. e. the primitive and un-compounded Materials of which the masses or substances which we commonly meet with in nature are composed: in short the Elements of Matter.

"The Ancients supposed there were but four Elements or simple substances, viz. Fire, Water, Earth, and Air ;

† "Matter is the general name which has been given to every species of substance or thing which is capable of occupying space, or which has the qualities of length, breadth, and thickness; consequently, every thing which can be seen or felt is said to be Matter."

and that out of these, or certain combinations of them, all the substances in nature were formed; they have been handed down as the whole of the elements, but modern chemistry has discovered that these are not all simple, and in lieu of them, has introduced a catalogue of upwards of 40 ingredients, which, from their having resisted every attempt that has been made to decompose, or divide them, seem entitled to be called Elements."

For the names and particulars of these we are referred to "any modern chemical work;" but in our judgment it would be more convenient to supply such information by Notes, which would not occupy much room, and would satisfy readers without the trouble and uncertainty of going to other books. But we advance with our synopsis.

"Notwithstanding the various substances which nature offers to our observation may differ essentially in touch, weight, and appearance; yet the elements of which they are composed all possess the common mechanical properties of matter, which properties are five in number, namely, 1. The particles of matter are solid, and occupy space. 2. They are infinitely divisible. 3. They are impenetrably hard. 4. They possess mobility, but are inert; and 5. They universally attract and are attracted.

The *first* may be demonstrated even by "thin air, for if a glass tube, open at both ends, have its upper end closed by the finger, while its lower one is immersed in a jar of water, it will be seen that the air is material and occupies its own space in the tube, for it will not permit the water to enter it, until the finger is removed, when the air will escape, and the water rise to the same level in the inside, as on the outside of the tube."

The *second* is thus proved:

"If a single grain of copper is dissolved in about fifty drops of nitric acid, and the solution is afterwards diluted with about an ounce of water, it is evident that a single drop of it must contain an almost immeasurably small portion of copper, and yet so soon as this comes in contact with a piece of

polished steel or iron, that metal will become covered with a perfect coat of copper, consequently, as much iron may be covered with copper as the solution will wet, which shows how infinitely the copper can be divided without any alteration in its texture."

Of the *third* property, it is said, "although matter, in many instances, seems to disappear, as in the cases of burning and evaporation, yet the Chemist's art distinctly proves, that it is incapable of annihilation, and that the original particles, in all cases, still exist, though by change of arrangement they are made to assume a different appearance. Even substances which appear soft, such as air and water, appear hard when submitted to proper examination, for although the constituent particles cannot be experimented upon, yet the effect of their aggregation may be shown in several ways. Thus, a quantity of water falling in an open tube appears to exert no particular force, on account of the resistance it meets with from the air; but if that air is previously removed by exhaustion there will be no resistance, and the water will sound like the falling of shot or stones instead of water."

The *fourth* property is shown by the simple operation of "giving" a sudden push to a bowl of water, when the water will flow over on the side on which the impulse is given; but if once the bowl is put into motion, and then suddenly stopped, it will flow over on the opposite side. --- From this Property of Matter, if a stone, or any inanimate mass, is undisturbed, it will remain for ever motionless; and when once put into motion, would continue in it, and move for ever, were it not for some resistance. A bowl stops on the bowling-green through the resistance and friction of the grass and the air, and there is no doubt, but if it moved on a polished surface it would proceed much further but even in that case, the air, on account of its solidity, would afford some resistance, and in time stop it; while if it moved in a space devoid of air, as in the vacuum of an air pump, and met with no resistance from the plane on which it was moving, it would continue to move for ever, because the

only obstacles to its motion are supposed to be removed. Such is the case with the Moon and Planets, for these move in infinite space, unchecked by friction or resistance, and therefore always keep up that native force which was communicated to them by their Great Maker at the creation."

The *fifth* property is of several kinds: Cohesion, Gravitation, Magnetism, Electricity, and Elective Attraction or Affinity. These, in their general effects, with the exception of the last, appear nearly similar, altho' they depend upon different circumstances."

These divisions are readily explained and confirmed by easy experiments, but we have not space to detail them.

"Notwithstanding the above five properties are those which are generally ascribed to Matter, yet it possesses another of great importance, viz. its power of arrangement, commonly called *Polarity*. The attraction of cohesion sufficiently accounts for the formation of masses or substances, by drawing the original particles of matter together, and then holding them; but it is found that they are not only drawn and held together, but that the same matter always takes the same arrangement or formation. Thus a piece of iron, tin, or any other metal or substance, will, when broken, always exhibit the same arrangement and disposition of parts, or *Grain*, as it is generally called: and so strictly are the laws of combination found to prevail in the union of elements and the formation of substances, that a most valuable, new, and important character is given to modern chemical researches, approaching almost to mathematical precision; it being not only ascertained, that the same materials will in most cases assume the same form, but that the ingredients which enter into the formation of substances, do so in certain definite proportions which cannot be changed without also changing the character of the substance they form."

Though we have only gone over twelve pages of Mr. Millington's Epitome, we trust we have done enough to show the ability, clearness, and practical usefulness, which distinguish his labours.

(Lit. Gaz.)

PEAK SCENERY, OR EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE.

BY. E. RHODES.

THE engravings which adorn this work are by G. and W. B. Cooke and E. Blore, from drawings by the latter. Hoffland, R. Thompson, and Chantrey, to whom the volume is with great propriety inscribed. Of this esteemed and distinguished sculptor, born at Norton, one of the spots visited by the writer, it also contains a concise and spirited biography; but as various sketches of the same kind have filled almost every periodical paper since he ran up the eminent ground of fame, we shall not risk the dangers of repetition by entering closely upon this memoir, though one or two quotations from it convey information of interest to the arts. M. C., it is stated, travelled to Paris in 1814-15; and Mr. Rhodes says—

“During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled—the postillion that drove it—the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country—the towns through which he successively passed—Paris—its public buildings—the garden of the Tuileries—the interior of the Louvre—the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage—some with milk—some with malt liquor—some with whiskey—and others with port wine, as these various liquids happened to be before him.

In another part of the volume, the

following mention is made of a monument in Ashbourne Church, from which the idea of the two Children in Litchfield Cathedral was caught:

“There is a beautiful little monument in this church, from the chisel of Banks—which for execution, design, and feeling, would do credit to the talents of any artist. It is to the memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, a daughter, who died at the age of five years and eleven months. On a marble pedestal, a mattress sculptured from the same material is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet; her head reclines on a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:—

“I was not in safety, neither had I rest,
and the trouble came.”

“The pedestal below is inscribed—

To PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and
Dame Susannah Boothby,
Born, April 11th, 1785—Died, March 13th,
1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate parents ventured their all
on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.

“It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscriptions that are scattered around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents who had ‘ventured their all of happiness on this frail bark,’ and found ‘the wreck was total.’ This monumental design, which is exquisitely finished, and full of tender feeling, suggested to Chantrey the execution of that master-piece of art the group of the Two Children, which is now the grace and ornament of Litchfield Cathedral, and the boast of modern sculptors.

"The river Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and while passing along the first and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear was soothed with its murmuring, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters: in some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazle, the slender ozier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river: these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the most vivid colouring. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, which interrupt its progress: over and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming in its frequent falls a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river."

"An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington, to which, indeed, it appears to be confined—for I have not met with any thing of a similar description in any other part of Derbyshire. It is denominated **WELL-FLOWERING**, and **Holy Thursday** is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut into the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, to preserve

their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design and vivid in colouring: the boards, thus adorned, are so placed in the spring that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, which is sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes."

Equally old customs prevail near Wirksworth, and as they display some of the peculiarities of the ancient mining laws of England, we shall present a few relative passages to our readers:

"Wirksworth is the seat of the administration of the Mineral Laws for the Low Peak of Derbyshire, and the Moote Hall is the judicial session house where all complaints are heard, and all suits decided, that belong to this peculiar court.

"The Moote Hall is a neat stone building, with the town's arms carved over the door, and on each side are some emblematic devices in bas-relievo. Within, secured by a chain, is the ancient brazen dish which regulates the admeasurement of lead ore throughout the whole district. The following inscription is engraved upon it:—

"This dishe was made the iijij of October, the iijij yere of the reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII. before George Erle of Shrewesbury, Steward of the Kyng most Honourable household, and also Steward of all the honour of Tutbury, by the assent and consent as well of all the Mynours as of all the Brenners within and adjoining the Lordship of Wyrksworth Pervell of the said honour. This Dyshe to Remayne In the Moote Hall at Wyrksworth, hanging by a cheyne, so as the Merchanntes and Mynours may have resort to the same at all tymes to make the trew mesure at the same."

"The lead mines of Derbyshire are of very remote antiquity. The *Odin* mine at Castleton bears the name of one of the Saxon deities; it may, therefore, be inferred that it was known to, and worked by the Saxons, previous-

ly to the introduction of christianity. In the wapentake of Wirksworth there were lead mines so early as the year 835 ; at which time a grant was made by the abbes of Repton, of her estate at *Wircsworth*, on condition that an annual stipend of lead, of the value of three hundred shillings, should be paid for certain religious uses as she then directed. The laws that now govern the mining interests of this country contain some curious provisions ; how they originated it is now difficult to determine, but, from indisputable records, it appears 'that Edward the First directed the Sheriff of the County to call a meeting at Ashbourne, of such persons as were best acquainted with the rights and custom of the Mines.' On this occasion their privileges were ascertained and confirmed ; the two courts of Money-Ash and Wirksworth established ; and a code of permanent regulations adopted. These regulations constitute the mineral law of Derbyshire at the present time. The principal officers of these courts are denominated barmasters, and it is their peculiar duty to preside on all cases of trial in which the mining interests of their respective jurisdictions are concerned ; and generally to see that justice is fully and fairly administered. It is likewise the duty of the barmaster to put miners in possession of any veins of lead ore which they may discover. The mode of doing this is extremely simple, yet curious. When a man has found, or imagines he has found a vein of ore in any part of the 'King's field,' which, with very few exceptions, includes the whole of the mineral districts of Derbyshire, he may claim it as his own merely by fixing down a few sticks, put together in a peculiar way, and notifying the same to the barmaster, who immediately gives him complete and exclusive possession of his newly-acquired property in a way as summary as it is decisive. The barmaster, accompanied by two jurymen belonging to the mineral court, enters the place, field, or meadow, where the miner intends to commence his operations, marks out a plot of ground of about fourteen yards square, takes it from the former proprietor, whether it

be freehold or not, and gives it to a new possessor. But this is not all ; the miner has now only obtained a piece of land in which to sink his shaft. The little insulated spot, which has just been made his own, is surrounded with fields, some covered with grass and some with corn : through these the barmaster and the two jurymen soon mark out a path to the public highway ; they arrange themselves on a line with each other, and with their arms wide extended and their fingers' ends just touching, they march abreast from the mine in the most convenient direction to the nearest public carriage road, placing stakes on each side as they proceed, within which they confirm to the miner a carriage way in perpetuity, whereon he may cart his minerals, uninterrupted by any authority whatever. Neither standing corn nor any other description of property, with the exception of 'dwelling-house, a high road, a garden, or an orchard,' is, or can be, exempt from this fundamental law of the miners. A number of other provisions, equally singular, are included amongst their regulations. 'If any miner be killed or slain, or damped upon the mine, within any groove,' no king's coroner has power to interfere ; the barmaster becomes invested with his authority, and holds an inquest accordingly. In article the thirteenth it is provided, 'that no person shall sue any miner for debt that doth belong unto the mines in any court, and if any person do the contrary, he shall lose his debt and pay the charges in law.' In a subsequent clause it is enacted 'that no officer, for trespass or debt, shall execute or serve any writ, warrant, or precept, upon any miner, *being at work in the mine, nor when the miner comes and go to the Barmote Court*, but the barmaster or his deputy only.' These extracts are sufficient to show how extensive and various the authority of the barmaster is ; they likewise exemplify the peculiar nature of those provisions which govern and regulate the practice of the miners of Derbyshire.

In a mine near Wirksworth, the author records a remarkable instance of human preservation :

--- "The mine called *Godbeheres Founder* has been rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about five and twenty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and in one moment buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after the accident happened, Pearson was found dead amongst the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had choaked up the entrance into the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive that they were scarcely at all disposed to persevere in their exertions. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until on the eighth day of their labours they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy, but more care, for a few hours longer, when they found the object of their search weak and almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully sensible of the miraculous nature of his escape. His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow, but effectual, and he returned to his usual employment in about fourteen weeks, and lived many years afterwards. When this accident took place Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was at a windlass in the drift above, when the earth rushed suddenly upon him, and he was found dead amongst the mass. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projection which considerably narrowed the shaft where he was. Thus circumstanced, with no prospect before him but death, this poor man passed eight days in this narrow cell, without light or food or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude; thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in he found a windlass, and exercised himself in turning it, but by some

mishap the handle fell into the deep vacuity beneath, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment he still found something to do. In the shaft where he was imprisoned a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion of it from its lodgements, which fell into the chasm at its feet. While thus engaged he imagined he heard the noise of men labouring for his release; he listened, and was almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, instead of invigorating, only paralyzed his exertions, but while in this situation he yet contrived to make the signal that he was alive distinctly heard and understood. Shortly afterwards, he once more saw the light of heaven, and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a dead man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little better than the apparition of a man; eight days of mental and bodily suffering had reduced him to a skeleton, and the palid hue and altered expression of his countenance, had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his family, who felt as if a being from the grave had burst 'its cearments, and the dead body had returned to life."

To vary and conclude our extracts, we select the following, respecting Bolsover:

"The inhabitants are now almost entirely employed in agricultural pursuits: formerly a considerable manufacture of spurs and buckles was carried on this place. These were made in a very superior manner of the best malleable iron, and then hardened on the surface only, that they might admit of a very due polish. The process of hardening used by the buckle-makers of Bolsover, which is technically called case-hardening, is well known amongst those who are connected with the manufacture of articles of steel and iron; to those who are not it may be useful to intimate that iron, properly so called, is incapable of receiving a very high polish; the buckles and spurs were therefore formed and filed into shape

when in the state of iron only ; the exterior surface was then converted into steel by a peculiar process, in which burnt bones, and ashes made from the leather of old shoes, were generally used. The manufactured article was

now internally iron, and therefore not liable to be easily broken, but the exterior surface was converted into the purest steel, and fitted to receive the highest polish that can possibly be imparted to this beautiful metal."

(Lit. Gaz.)

ANTIQUITIES OF THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF CANTERBURY.

CANTERBURY was the earliest seat of Christianity in Britain ; and it appears, that even before the celebrated mission of St. Augustine, (A. D. 597,) Luidhard, a Chaplain to Bertha, Queen of Kent, was at the head of a congregation in this very ancient city. With some fluctuations occasioned by apostasy, scepticism, or political events, and which were overcome by miracles and perseverance on the part of the Church, the See of Canterbury grew rapidly into power, and spread its influence over all England. About A. D. 1803, Ceolnoth, the first *Dean* on record, is mentioned as belonging to it. Archbishop Odo, above a century later, affords a striking example of the arrogance of the clergy in those remote days. He "endeavoured to render the church independent of all control. For this purpose he promulgated, in 943, his famous pastoral letter, since called the 'Constitutions of Odo,' in which he arrogantly and presumptuously says, 'I strictly command and charge that no man presume to lay any tax on the possessions of the clergy, who are the sons of God. I command the king, the princes, and all in authority to obey, with great humility, the archbishop and bishops, for they have the keys of the kingdom of heaven.'"

Many of this priest's successors followed in his footsteps. Ralph, "elected in 1114, a prelate who was extremely jealous of the prerogatives of his church, would never allow the king to put on his own crown, as that ceremony was a peculiar right of the archbishops on all occasions." And similar ambition led to the famous catastrophe of the domineering Becket.

It is not for us to dip into the olden and controversial history of the build-

ing of the Cathedral and its various aisles, naves, transepts, &c.; we will only mention that "during the last two or three years some useful and judicious improvements have been making, by taking away many of the iron railings which surrounded and were inserted in the monuments, and by cleaning and repairing those monuments." These involve great improvements, and have led to the discovery of some curious remains ; and Mr. Briton says very aptly, that this Cathedral "at once exemplifies the powers, capabilities, varieties, and merits of Christian architecture. This, like genuine Christianity, is genial, tolerant, expansive, and appeals both to the heart and fancy of man. That heart, indeed, must be flinty, and fancy phlegmatic, which can be unmoved by the present Cathedral of Canterbury. It is an edifice of great extent and amplitude ; considerable variety and intricacy ; in some parts grand and imposing, and in many others curious, beautiful, and interesting.

Theodore, one of the early Bishops, and a Greek, "was among the first to institute parishes, or define parochial districts, for the purpose, as it appears, of affording to places remote from cathedrals the benefit of a resident clergy.

"An anecdote of Anselm, related by William of Malmsbury, is curious, as it gives us some idea of the state of the arts at this period. He was under the necessity of travelling to Rome ; and on his return, knowing that he was to be waylaid by banditti, he disguised himself to deceive them. They learned his intention, and sent an artist to Rome, who made so exact a delineation of his features, that the archbishop, who found he should be known in any

dress, was obliged to travel much out of his road to avoid his enemies. He was canonized in the reign of Henry VII. His works, relating to Divinity, are very numerous, and were repeatedly published during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

John Peckham "did not spare the faults of the clergy, and his treatment of Sir Osborn Gifford shows that he paid little deference to the rank of an offender. This licentious baron having carried off two nuns from the monastery of Wilton, Archbishop Peckham first issued against him a sentence of excommunication; and, having thus brought him to submission, granted him absolution on the following severe

terms. After interdicting him from all future connexion with nuns of nunneries, he ordered that he should be publicly scourged on three successive Sundays, in the church of Wilton, and as many times in the church and marketplace of Salisbury; that he should fast a certain number of months; that he should wear no linen for three years; and that he should relinquish his knight hood as to dress and title, and swear to wear none but russet-coloured clothes until he had been three years in the Holy Land. 'If (says Bishop Godwin) some of our gentlemen were now and then thus served, they would not be so wanton as they are.'"

(Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"The vessel while the dread event draws nigh
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly—
Fate spurs her on—" *Falcopter's Shipwreck.*

WHY, Sir, sailors that know the construction of a ship, how the timbers and knees are jointed together, and where every treenail is drove, are far more timorous in a gale of wind, than those who are ignorant of her frame-work. By the same rule I have known some surgeons who were skill'd in anatomy, apt to be narvous upon occasions. But howsomever, a gale of wind is no plaything, Sir. You have never witness'd one at sea; but mayhap you'd like a rough description from an old weather-beaten Tar, who, ever since he was the height of a quart pot, has been working against wind and tide and braved every billow, from the Bay of Biscay to the Bay of Bengal; but, bless you, what's the use on it—I went to windward like smoke. Well, Sir, I was in a Transport about 600 tons; a pretty ship, sail'd like a mermaid, and sat on the water like a duck; but no matter. Well, we sailed from St. Andero with sick and wounded troops, and women; there were some officers, too, with their families, and we were bound to our own dear native land; but before I proceed I'll just give you a sketch of our passengers: and, first,

was Captain R— of — regiment, a fine Dalgetty-looking old veteran, with flowing locks as white as a snow-ball; he had sought the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, but he'd no interest, Sir; and having buried his wife in a foreign land, was now returning home with his two daughters, lovely girls, the prop and stay of his declining age; they were sweet flowers, and when they used to sit on the-deck each side of their father, administering the balm of consolation to his wounded spirit, 'twas like the picture of Mercy and Benevolence soothing the sorrows of Time. Then there was Lieut. N— and his wife, a very interesting couple, and yet they were but one in mind. He had been severely wounded, and she had quitted her country to attend the partner of her heart, but now, through grief and too close attention to his wants, droop'd like a lily withering in the storm, and seemed fast hastening to that bourne whence no travellers return; they had one little boy about eight years old, the mother's darling, and the father's pride. Next there was Dr. Mac I—, a native of auld Reekie: he was a stanch kirk o' Scotland man, as kind a soul as ever broke bread and treated the poor fellows under his care with the tender-

ness of a parent: he had national prejudices, to be sure—call'd Dr. Johnson an "ig-no-ram-ass," and used to boast of his acquaintance with Rab Burns, who was an old croney of his father's: "I ken'd him fu' well (said he,) when he biggit near the Brig of Ayr; he would come the hoose and sit with my gude feyther for the hoor together o'er the brandy-stoup, and crack of auld lang syne; but they are gan the way of aw flesh, and we must prepare to follow." But I mustn't forget Lieut. B—he was what you call an in-fid-hell, I don't know what it means, but some of the sodgers told me he'd no more religion than a pope; he had committed a fox-paw by profaning one of the Spanish churches, but he got over that, for his uncle was a nobleman: however, one day his regiment was order'd on some dangerous and honourable service, and so he throws himself into the sick-list with a gum-boil in his throat; but it wouldn't do, and he was near getting an emetic which would have made him throw up his commission, so the General, to save him, sent him to take charge of his troops; but he was much despised, particularly by the ladies. He would often fall foul of the Doctor, and one fine clear night, when the stars were all glowing, I was at the helm, and the good old Scot was pointing 'em out by name to one of the lassies, and says he, "The heavens declare the glory of God! Wha but a gowk wad suppose that yon bright orbs were produced by blind chance, and that they have continued preceesely in the same place for nearly sax thoosand years, without a superintending power?" Up comes the young spark, and overhaul'd a great deal of lingo; but I couldn't understand it; I recollect the Doctor saying "Hoot hoot, wait a wee mon—wait a wee—If there is a God I'm right, and if there's nae God I'm right still."

Well, Sir, these were our principal cabin passengers: there were others but I shall tire you to describe 'em all. The sodgers, poor souls, were most of 'em in a very low state, and the incessant quarrelling of the women deprived them of rest;—to be sure there were some exceptions, where the wife at-

tended to the wants of her wounded but brave husband and sooth'd his harsh complainings with a voice of soften'd tenderness, and these were generally the youngest and prettiest amongst 'em.

But to proceed: We had been out about ten days with tolerable fair weather, when just at the end of the dog-watch (that's about eight o'clock in the evening, Sir) a sudden squall hove the ship on her beam ends, and away went the main-top-sail clean out of the bolt-ropes—What a scene of confusion! The shrill howl of the wind—the shrieks of the women—the flapping of the fragments of the sail—the groans of the sufferers below, the dashing of the waters, and the yo-hoy of the sailors, with the bellowing of the captain—formed a concert which I dare say you have no desire to hear. We clued up till the squall was a little abated, and then all hands were employed in bending a new topsail: this occupied us till near midnight, and the gale continuing we furled the fore and mizen topsails, and set the reef'd foresail and trysail. By the reckoning, we were at no great distance from Ushant, the wind being fair, we entertain'd hopes of soon getting into Plymouth: indeed by the time we had got all snug, the storm abated considerably, so, instead of turning in, we were obliged to remain on deck and set the topsails again; but scarce had we loosed the sails, when the wind took us right a-head, and blew harder than ever. Of all places in the world, the Bay of Biscay is the worst for a cross sea; you never know where it will take you. "Hold on aloft!" roared the captain, who saw it coming, and clung to the weather-shrouds; "Hold on fore and aft; mind your helm; ease her, boy, ease her." The sea struck us amidships, and a whole body of waters burst upon the deck: away went bulwarks, boats, hen-coops, and every thing moveable. "A man overboard, a man overboard!" was echoed from all sides, and as soon as our eyes were clear of salt spray we saw three poor fellows buffetting with the waves; one was the helmsman, the others were invalids, who had crawl'd on deck for air. Oh, Sir, 'twas a dis-

trekking sight. At first we could hear them hallooing for assistance, and then their voices were lost in the howling of the gale; but we saw them, Sir, a long while. The helmsman had got hold of a spar, and one of the others on the boat's keel; the third had sunk! We kept sight of the first nearly all day, but couldn't save him, for another sea had carried away the bowsprit and foremast; the second, after remaining some time on the boat's bottom, let go his hold; the boat still floated on the wave, but he was gone for ever! Oh what must have been my poor mess-mate's feelings—his ship in view, though leaving him—himself devoted to destruction—the dark waters yawning on all sides to receive their prey—every billow a threatening grave—no hope. Thought he then of home? his wife, his little ones? Oh, Sir, what must have been his feelings! As night approached, so darker grew each scene of horror, and its deep'ning shades fell heavy on the seaman's soul. We had but little command of the ship, and were fast drifting to leeward. Night came, and sky and ocean seem'd blended together in the distance, while the sea around was one white foam. Wave after wave washed over us; the well was sounded, alarm was pictured on every countenance—she had sprung a leak. All hands muster'd at the pumps, but the water gained so fast—death stared us in the face! From the commencement of the gale, all the hatches were batten'd down, so that the poor creatures below were in total darkness, and nearly without food or air: some had fallen out of their hammocks, and, unable to rise, had been dash'd from side to side with the motion of the ship till they expired. The good Doctor exerted himself to the utmost, but to little purpose.

About four in the morning the water had gained so much that every hope had fled, and the ship was sinking fast. The passengers after many struggles crowded on the deck, but scarcely were they secured when a dreadful shock told us another fatal truth. The ship had struck! Men, women, and children, rush'd from below, and every breaker carried off its victims. Oh

what a scene of horror! We saw our companions washed from our side—witness'd their struggles as a prelude to ~~our~~ own—heard the loud yell when the last death-pang parted soul and body—and saw the children clinging round the parents as they sunk together! Every wave threw us higher on the rocks, and hope dawned with the day; but vain were our efforts to discover land, all was one raging foam. I had assisted to secure Captain R—and his daughters to the taffaril; the captain and mate had done the same by Lieut. N—and his wife; the Doctor had shifted for himself, supporting Lieut. B—who clung round him in trembling alarm, till a sailor, observing his situation, gave him a lashing to the ring-bolt, and there he sat pale and quivering, wishing the bitterness of death had pass'd, yet dreading its approach, trying to pray, yet mingling curses with his pray'rs—shrieking as the roaring billows dash'd over us, and then laughing in all the convulsive agony of bitter despair. What a contrast to the worthy Doctor! there was no fear in his look, 'twas calm resignation, and an eye of tender compassion bent upon his fellow-sufferers: I heard him repeating to himself "I know in whom I have believed, I know that my Redeemer liveth." But oh the anguish of the grey haired father, as each arm was thrown round those lovely plants, whose growth he'd watch'd from earliest infancy; and first he turned to the youngest—"Emma," said he—and then to the other, "Eliza," as if it was a dreadful dream whose certainty he fear'd; "Emma, Eliza, both my children—both doom'd to perish! Is there no hope? Great God, on me—on me inflict your wrath, but spare, oh spare my children." Mr. N— had suffered since the gale had burst out afresh: his wife hung round his neck, and feebly he grasp'd his boy between his knees—his hold relax'd—grew weaker—and the poor child was wash'd away! Shrieking, the mother shook her husband in all the anguish of maddening torture—no notice was returned—his spirit had fled! and now a tremendous breaker came rolling tow'ards us, as if mustering all its force

to close the dreadful scene : it struck the ship—the rending timbers separated, carrying away that part of the stern where the sufferers were lash'd—I saw no more and recollect but little, except the horrid crash and the gurgling of waters in my ears, mingled with groans and shrieks. When I recovered, I found myself laying on an old sail in a fishing vessel. They had observed me clinging to part of the floating wreck, and at imminent risk to themselves had pick'd me up. Three

others were likewise saved, a soldier and two sailors—all, all the rest had perished ! We had struck upon those dangerous sunken rocks on the coast of France, called the Saints, several miles from land, and where many a gallant ship and hardy Tar have mingled their timbers together—and those sweet girls, too—but they are happy, Sir, they are happy in another and a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

A TRAVELLER'S WEEK.

Monday—Dover.

ROUSED out of a dreary doze—the fruits of last night's surfeit of tough mutton and brandy port—by the waiter, with the intelligence that the Steam-boat was *just* going off.—Started from bed, in an agony of nervous hurry—Put a *posse* of porters, waiters, and chambermaids, in requisition to bundle me off.—Rushed down to the pier, with the whole clan at my heels, and every eye in the town turned on my flight—reached the shore *time enough* to see the packet under easy sail.—Paid half the passage for a boat to take me five hundred yards, and was at last trundled on board unshaved and half-dressed, “unanointed and unaneled,” to cool my *pores* in a raw, foggy breeze.

The deck crowded with spruce Londoners and their *ladies*, feathered and flounced for a water-party.—Chagrined to the soul, and attempting to get rid of my discomfort by contempt of the whole set. Took out my pencil, and attempted a caricature—sketched an alderman and a half-pay officer in strong dispute on the National debt—fine contrast of figure, puffy pride, and meagre pertinacity ; fat, contented ignorance, and ignorance neither the one nor the other—turtle beside ration soup. The Prior and the Lay-brother in the Duenna ; Lambert and Romeo's seller of mandragora.—Weather delightful.—Sea smooth as my lady's mirror.—Wondered that I had not been bred to the navy.—Began to think

of a course of voyages for the next dozen years.—Undetermined whether to commence with the east or the west, Botany Bay or Buenos-Ayres, China or Chili—determined on China as the longest voyage. Reprobated the folly of looking for the north-west passage, as tending to shorten the indulgence of living on ship-board.—Waited half an hour for passengers—Cursed, in the fervour of my delight, the wretched habit of lingering till the last moment—and resolved in future to rise with the sun.—Dover Castle magnificent—tints of time, silvery lights, verdurous clothing ; heard a Cockney compare it to an old woman wrapped up in a rug. Cast a look at the fellow that ought to have annihilated him. The Castle certainly not unlike an old woman, after all. Resumed my caricature, and put the Cockney into the group.

* * * *

Completely at sea—the Castle sinking—a breeze—pearly fringe in the surge—groans from below, with frequent calls for the steward. Determined *not* to be sick. Saw several of the dead and wounded brought up for fresh air, and several of the living suddenly plunged into the cabin.—Those detestable steam-vessels roll worse than a sailing-boat—they *bore* the surge instead of sliding over it—a heavy sea—postponed my caricature—doubted whether a peculiar native configuration of stomach, a something different to that of a being born to live on land, as much as webbed feet are from human

toes, a sort of amphibious or fishy interior, is not to be found on dissection in every "able seaman."

Surrounded by officers drooping over the sides of the vessel like fowls in a coop—endeavouring to hum a song of Dibdin's—confounded nonsense, a sea song under *any* circumstances—as well dance quadrilles in an hospital—dare not look at the deck, nor at the sky, nor at the water. Determined to go to China by land—more variety of scenery, Tartary, the *Great Wall*, &c.—shun *Euxines* and *Caspians*—and wait till *Wolgas* and *Dnipers* were frozen over.—A merciless brute ordered his lunch close at my side—ham, brandy, and biscuit—a meal for Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone—How the devil can anybody think of eating or enjoyment on board a packet? The ship tossing and jumping from side to side like an unbroken horse—desperately sick—torture—red-hot grappling irons—cantharides-soup, &c.

Dieppe.

The port in sight—windmills sprawling like gigantic spiders—church-spires with saints impaled upon the tops—yellow roofs spreading below them, ragged and dingy, like a gipsy's encampment—all squalidness, stench, and clamour.

Flung upon the pier, roped into an enclosure like negroes at market—to prevent intercourse with the native smugglers. Surrounded and surveyed in all our abomination by all the loungers of the place, in full dress and high merriment—marched under the yoke to the Custom-house to be searched for lace, veils, ribbons, &c.—A battle with a virago to prevent my valise from being clawed away under pretence of portage.—The Custom-house—the whole party passed deliberately under the secular arm—every cranny of my costume keenly probed by a veteran official, who must have been bred a thief. Surprise expressed at my pocket-handkerchief—which was hauled up to the *Chef de Douane*, to ascertain its use—a family arrested for having a pair of salt-spoons in their baggage—supposed a cover for conspiracy—nothing of the kind having

been seen in France before—passports demanded—mine forgotten in my hurry at Dover—ordered under *surveillance*—marched to a hotel by a *gendarme*—the crowd honouring me with an escort—and the appellations of "*Traître!—Monstre!—Coquin-Anglais,*" &c.

Too sick to dress—determined on seclusion and books for the day—looked over the bill of fare—a bill of mortality—bile and indigestion under a hundred shapes—puzzled with vapid superfluity—left the choice to the waiter—fell into a dose, with my elbows on the table—roused by the coming in of dinner—felt stiff, cold, benumbed from head to foot—the solitary lord of a dozen dishes, that might have been so many compilations of boiled cats and ass skins—no appetite—The soup hot water and horse-beans—the fowl tough, rancid, and impregnable—the parsley and butter hemlock and oil—the tarts lard, saw-dust, and blackberries—the parmesan granite and sand-stone—the fruits green and gripping—the wine last year's vinegar.—"Bah! *La cuisine Française.*"—Went to bed—bed and blankets a bale of horse-hair, covered with sheep-skin—lay down in submission to my fate, and prepared for suffocation—Arrival of the Paris diligence—every quadruped and biped in the house and the street in sudden commotion—sleep impossible—sprang out of bed on the stone-floor—chilled as if I had sprung into a cold bath—shivering from head to foot—slunk into bed again, and tried to recover my doze.—The diligence going off—another uproar of dogs, waiters, chambermaids, donkeys, passengers clamouring for drams and great-coats, &c.—The diligence moving off with the heave and rattle of an earthquake—Feverish and restless—incapable of sleep; and fretting myself still more by the miserable old woman tricks for alluring it—counting a thousand, humming some air hackneyed by boarding-schools and barrel-organs—recounting the signs of the inns—repeating one of Sir J.'s stories, &c.—Morning—the sun-rising—frowsy as a Frenchwoman before breakfast—dropped into a doze—haunted by recollections of the voy-

age—sea-sickness, Custom-house officers, Cockneys, and conger-eels, rushing round my defenceless head in full cry, mouthing, and moving on wings, fins, and claws—"Griffons dire."—Wake late in the day—hot, cold, comfortless, irritable in every pore—attempted to scold the waiter for breakfast in his own tongue—miserable work—the man obsequious; but frequently adjourning outside the door to laugh—called for newspapers—French too small—contains nothing—English, a huge hotchpotch, a mass of heavy absurdities—politics and pomade; reviewing and robbery; Parliamentary debates and Doctor Solomon;—jokes from Joe Millar; and wit, honesty, and patriotism, from the Whigs—Threw it away in disgust—Liberty of the press—liberty of nonsense! The size of an English newspaper, like the size of St. Luke's, a monstrous libel on the common sense of the nation.

Overhauled my valise—my best suit utterly undone—saturated with seawater, that has dyed the "blue one red," and more or less incarnadined every inch of my wardrobe—Sent for a scourer, tailor, laundress, &c.—all lingering till I lost the fragment that remained of the day, and all coming together—inhuman confusion of tongues—headach—sent for a doctor—was visited by a spruce practitioner in Brutus' head, a rose-coloured coat, a pair of white gloves, and smelling all over of jonquille, attar, and other sickening and overpowering essences—gave myself up to be drenched with raisin ptisarmes and rhubarb soup—prohibited to eat or drink—called for a book—one brought after vexatious delay, and the exhaustion of all my French in the entreaty—that one the French Calendar for the year, containing the titles of the reigning family at full length, with their ancestry from Faramond—Dragged over its pages—wondered what folly could induce a man of any brains to quit his fireside for foreign noise, solitude, dirt, and discomfort.—Roused by a thunder of the Cathedral bells, followed by all the minor *cloches* of the town,—hoped that there was a general insurrection, or general conflagration,—thrust my head out of the window—those cursed casements, that one can scarcely open, and can never shut;—the night bitter as a blast from an ice-house—a spout over my head suddenly let loose, and playing away like a fountain,—a dozen lights twinkling down the street—lamps in a sepulchre—whips cracking, dogs baying, postillions *sacre-dieu*ing. His Serene Highness—die *Furst*—of some German village, was entering the gates of this fortunate town, and was coming to honour this still more fortunate hotel with his presence—I determined to quit my lodgings by day-break.

Tuesday.—Winter in all "its virgin fancies;" wind, cold, fog, and rain—Chained to the house—A fête—The bells discharging regular volleys throughout the day—All the waiters occupied, either in attending his Serene Highness, or in looking at those who did—The hope of breakfast consequently "a hope deferred"—At length succeeded in tearing down my bell-cord—No resource but to roar from the stairs, in the midst of a rush of moist, penetrating air, that might have turned a mill—Fortunate enough, when in the extremity of famine, to rouse the attention of one of the subordinate monsters of the kitchen, a "fat, foolish scullion," directly transferred from Mr. Shandy's scullery—My breakfast administered by this naked-legged Hebe, a moving heap of rags and repulsion of every kind.—Weather thickening—called for my bill—astonished by its exaction—resolved the sooner to escape its authors—sallied out, plunged, in a state of desperation, into the storm that seemed to come from all points of the compass at once, a regular *typhoon*—Succeeded at length in forcing an entrance into a *logement meublè*, a dreary disconsolate receptacle; but no other resource—My baggage conveyed piecemeal, from the sudden avidity of the whole household of the hotel to serve me—had every grinning and grimacing soul of them to get rid of by a separate *douceur*, in consequence—shut them all out at length, and myself in—Ordered a fire; wood incombustible—laboured at the bellows myself for an hour or two; with

no other effect than that of blistering my hands and embittering my remorse at having left the land of coal-fires and comfort.—Night—Asked for a book—But one in the house—The French Calendar!—Wished, in the spirit of vexation and Nero, that all the copies had been in that one, that I might have flung it into the fire. Read it over notwithstanding, through mere weariness—beginning at the end for the sake of novelty.—Poked, blew, and fretted till bed time.—Resolved never to get up again, *till* I returned to England. *Bulls* the natural language of eloquent minds under strong circumstances.

Wednesday.—Woke before dawn—Weather decidedly fixed—a July winter; made up my mind for silence and sufferance. The market opening within a yard of my window—a rolling of carts from day-break, succeeded by a perpetual explosion of voices, fierce with all the barbarous dialects of Normandy. A *Basbreton*, with the throat of a speaking trumpet, opening shop under my nose, and hailing for custom.

Spent the day in revolving from window to window—looking for the sun among clouds thick as “the blanket of the dark;” playing with a kitten that honoured me with a visit; reading the *non*-entity of a French paper; practising at push-pin—Invented a new and infallible *push*. Measuring the dimensions of the chamber, from side to side, end to end, circularly, diagonally—with diligent feet—Taking up the French Calendar!!—nothing new any longer discoverable.—Ring-ing a dozen times for the English papers, letters, &c.; at last informed that it was *not* post-day. Went through the whole of the wretched resources for the aimgeance—abandoned all hope. Saw the market-place even deserted—missed its noise, and wished for its mob back again.

Probing every cupboard in the room—found an old flute—overjoyed—commenced regular practice—the instrument cracked from stem to stern—toiled away, however, and completed “God save the King,” at the expense of nearly blowing out my lungs.—Conscious that this pleasure could not be

continued but with the certainty of sudden death, sat down exhausted—fell asleep in my chair—awoke, after a long and wretched interval, crushed and chilled all over—the lamp gone out, the fire gone out, the waiters gone to bed—the principle of life extinct around me.—Crept to my couch, and shivered into morn.

Thursday.—A burst of sunshine. All the world in the streets. Engulphed in a whirlpool of English—all telling me and each other that it *was* sunshine.

The Pier! the favourite place of display—a narrow neck of rough stone, infested by the low-water smells, fragments of crabs, cray fish, and usual nameless and horrible *exuviae* of a French town.

The male loungers affecting the combined air of the East and West—the slang of the city with the dress of May Fair. The women, attired loose as Venus rising from the waters, and compensating for the display of their persons by their deformity. Sick of the eternal sound of the English *patois*,—followed a French nymphlike form, in close conversation with an old Chevalier de St. Louis—spurred into full speed to get a view of her face walked myself out of breath, and succeeded. Saw the jaws of my old Parisian friend, the Marchioness of Passetemps, a *septuagenaire*, who introduced me to the Chevalier, her son! Determined to trust the physiognomy of a Frenchwoman's *back* no more.

Roused from my contemplations by a dash of rain.—The whole promenade put to the rout on the instant, French and English—rushing back, horse, foot, and artillery, draggled and bedeviled, to their lodgings.—Cursed La Belle France, and engaged myself in the first steam-packet that was to boil away from this land of disappointment and deluge.

Friday.—Mail arrived.—A letter from my wife, telling me that London was basking in serenity and the perpetual sun; that the whole family had caught the typhus, and that I must not return till farther orders. No letter from my banker—despondingly shook

the half-dozen sovereigns lingering in my purse, and thought of the alternative of flight or famine. Went to the library—all the newspapers engaged ten deep—Lord E. reading three at a time—Sir J. with one under his arm, and the other in his paw—Alderman S. grasping the only remaining one—commenting on it as he stumbled from paragraph to paragraph, and at last hitching in a dissertation on the new loan.—Mixed in an expectant group.—Bewildered with the jargon of coffee-house politicians, all contradictory, and all common-place.—Tired to death, and retreating to the door for fresh air, and a cessation of tongues.

Still haunted by the echo, and overhearing the nonsense, quilted in such patches and fragments as these.—“Nothing more about the King of Spain—A poor devil of a pickpocket dragged about and ducked within an inch of his life by a rascally mob of—Placemen and Pensioners crying out—Candle-ends and cheese-parings, the ruin of official honesty, and—Lord George gone to Portugal, to fight the French, with d—d bad poem as ever was printed by—Murray—the family name of the great Lord Mansfield, and—The man with the nose, who broods somewhere about—Hampstead, a favourite haunt of the Cockney rhymesters—Petty larceny rogues, stealing lines from laundresses, and hazarding their—Sheep’s brains, ten pounds of fat each, fit to be swallowed—only by a Hot-tentot—Embassador to the Pope, as great a novelty as—Plunkett’s conscience pitted against his place.—No fight whatever, after all! a miserable draw—The tight Irish lad—Humbug and hodge podge—Old and dry as my grandmother, not a word of sense, nor a grain of honesty in the whole compilation of—The Common Council.—Why, what the deuce more can men do? they—Eat the best turtle and drink the best claret at any—Cathedral in the kingdom—Crowded with—The most magnificent old wigs, gowns, bands of broomsticks, and other remnants of—The Levee—a gathering of—Antiquated pictures, black as Beëlzebub with varnish, and beyond all vamping; no character in their counte-

nances, nor—Anywhere else, the absurdity might have passed; but to burst out with a song of that kind at the—Bishop of London’s table, full of dignitaries, gave as—George Selwyn, Joe Millar, and Jack Bannister, and Monsieur Alexandre, dressed up as dowagers in—The Queen’s business, the most generous and striking display of—English boobyism, blindness, and gullibility, since the—Birth of Whiggery—an *Incubus* generated in a Scotch garret, and then transmitted at the—Instigation of the devil, and without having the fear of God before—The Edinburgh Review, a great—Molehill, my dear sir, and nothing but a molehill;—a blind—Borough, rotten to the core—the receptacle of—Every species of vermin killed by—Quarterly instalments, paid under the head of—Gifford, Southey, and Co., a younger firm, but sure as—Any team of asses from Mount Jura to—Mount Charles, a showy young—Lord *Seven’s the Main*; certain to win—just bought the—Hotel, most fashionable situation in the metropolis—To be fitted up in the handsomest style for the accommodation of ladies whose situation requires a temporary retirement—And the Duchess of R—d—decidedly the most showy figure at Almack’s, a brilliant, blooming—Maiden-ray of the largest dimensions, that would turn the—Peristaltic region of—Alderman Curtis, that fine, jovial, old—Turtle, cooing like—Lord and Lady Westmeath, and—Several other married persons of distinction at this moment in—Doctors’ Commons—a perpetual—Libel on English decency and the connubial—Tie of Lord Ellenborough’s cravat a—Phenomenon of the first magnitude, and unequalled by anything but—Lord Petersham’s whiskers; remarkable for—Specimens of red hair turned blue by the use of the Macassar oil and—Bishop Magee’s conciliatory charge to the Papists; a splendid, powerful, and original—Contrivance for tearing up pavements, and converting them into missiles for the annoyance of—Coach-panes and window-glass of the ordinary size shivered as by the explosion of—Bitter ballads sung out of tune by breechless mendicants at the—

Irish Viceregal dinner, a formal affair, in which etiquettes supplied the place of hospitality, and Attorney-Generals, and Court-Chaplains, are reckoned for gentlemen with other—Curiosities too numerous to mention; all for sale without reserve—A portrait of the Vice-Chancellor, as a New-market jockey at full speed—The Master of the Rolls lying on his back, and making his bread fast asleep—A dinner at Brookes' a close representation of the—Beggars' Opera, a mischievous display of impudence, insolence, and roguery, triumphant—Law, a name perfectly unsuited to the authors of Marriage Acts, and similar anomalies of the human—Calves' head hashes, they are carried about on—Two legs and upright, a preposterous contradiction of the law of nature, which ordained that all the species should run on four paws at—Madame Catalani, more tempting than ever, fat, fair, and forty; her countenance noble, her voice delicious as the pipe of—Charles Wynne, turning tail on the Opposition, for the good of—Himself and Family, just arrived in Downing Street, after a long tour on—Welsh goats followed by a *mob* with leeks in their hats, and their hands full of—India bonds never fallen so low before in—Whitehall market—a show of decidedly the best fed carcasses ever—Killed by Napoleon in his numerous battles with the—Cabinet Council, distracted by—Variety of foreign tunes—Spanish marches—Turkish retreats—Russian storm-hymns—French and German snuffs—confounded things that make an honest man's head ache,—Give me Irish Blackguard, *alias* Prince's Mixture, sprinkled over with a little—Harvey sauce, and be hanged to it—Essence of fungus and earthworms, duckweed and dandelions, pestilent as a—Speech of the Newcastle Patriot, a compound of radical—Gin and ditch-water, drinkable by none but Cyprians of the lowest brutality, as besotted and riotous as—the Hatton-Garden Orator, or the—Reverend William Bengo Collyer, the Duke of Sussex's chaplain, *Trio juncta in uno*.—Puffing, piety, and pharmacy—Impossible—Calumny," &c. &c.

After dinner, went to the theatre—not a place to be had—a discovery which I made only *after* seeing the box-keeper. Had the pleasure of observing the three first acts through a chink in the door.—The lobby, round and behind me, promenaded as lobbies usually are—An incessant chatter of puppies and their *chere amies*—talking on the silliest possible subjects, in the silliest possible way—The *Decens Venus*, the only absentee of the family—The door burst back, to let out a fainting lady, followed by a stream of heated, feverish, human vapour, deadly as the Simoom.

A battle to succeed to her place—my efforts crowned by conquest, and the loss of half my coat—Fairly seated—Black-hole of Calcutta—play, Macbeth, Frenchified by Ducis, and played, *comme il plaisait a la Vierge*—Herod out-heroded—Macbeth murdered as thoroughly and as early as Duncan—Banquo doubling the old king; and Lady Macbeth bewitching us as Hecate.—Song, scenery, and acting, worthy of each other, and of an English barn—the company a *pendant* to the Malefactors of Sadler's Wells and the Surrey theatre.—Hurried out before the catastrophe.—Resolved never to repeat the experiment, *quamdiu vivere, &c.*

Saturday.—Startled by the roar of cannon—another fete, the St. Louis—the whole population in a bustle, singing, scampering, and screaming.

Drums in every quarter rattling to the parade in the market-place—under my window too—in the proportion of four drums to three men—the *batterie* incessant and intolerable—Closed up my casements—hung towels and tablecloths against every aperture—*All* in vain—unluckily my ears still unplugged—no cotton.—

The air ringing with a new thunder of horse-volunteers, gendarmes, civic authorities, &c., trumpeted, drummed, and *belled*, to High Mass—Discharge of cannon—merciless shouts of fellows with the lungs of buffaloes in full roar.—Resolved on instant escape, and went to obtain my passport.—Every soul abroad—the office closed.

Induced in an evil hour to take a

ticket for the ball, under pompous promises that it was to be the *ne plus ultra* of taste, novelty, and magnificence, *tout a fait Francais*, &c.

Considered my ways and means for killing the intermediate time.—Had the choice of the *French Calendar*, or a promenade on the pier—variety of wretchedness—Went to the pier—assailed by harbour-smells of every formidable kind—a compound of tar, smoke, dead dogs, and fish-women—the tide coming in, and duly returning the ejections of the town to the shore.

Lingered on the pier—exacerbated by the infinite vapidty of the gabble called conversation round me—Weather talk—the history of last night's rubber—history of the morning—bathe—mutual and solemn assurances, fortified by an appeal to the bystanders, that the tide was coming in, &c.—Every soul round me English—faces whose familiarity haunted me—yet whom I could not possibly have seen anywhere but behind band-boxes and counters—the Eastern sperme of *La nation botiquiere*.

To get rid of them and *ennui*, walked to the waterside, with a faint determination to bathe, for the *first* time. The wind coming at intervals in hot gusts, the water looking surly, and gathering in short angry waves.—Put down my name as a candidate for a bathing-machine—the fiftieth in succession!

Lingered about the shore—gazing like a philosopher on fragments of seaweed, making matter of contemplation out of an untenanted oyster-shell, and diligently inspecting the washing of a poodle by a chambermaid, &c.

Tired of waiting for the machine,—which had a dozen cargoes of girls, matrons, and elderly gentlemen, drawn up rank and file beside it, waiting for the ablution, or the drowning of the groups stowed within,—tore off my clothes in a fit of desperation, and rushed in “naked, to every blast of scowling Heaven.”—Met by a surge ten feet in advance of the rest, that seemed expressly delegated to carry me out to sea.—My resolution greatly shocked by this unexpected attention;—pondered a minute or two, half way, immersed

like a mermaid—but “returning were as tedious as go on.”—Saw the eyes of the whole beach upon me—and rushed “*en avant*.”

A rolling sea—the sky suddenly as black as my hat.—Looked to the shore—men, women, children, and machines, in full gallop to shelter—Tide coming in like a mill race—lifted off my feet—swimming for my life—Thoughts of conger eels a hundred feet long, swordfish, sharks, &c.—A porpoise lifted up his fishy face at my elbow—Roaring surge—My will unmade—Thought of a Coroner's inquest—Clarence's dream, &c.

Tost on the shore on the back of a mountain of water—bruised, battered, and half-suffocated—not a soul within hail—A remote view of a few stragglers that looked like pilots speculating upon a wreck—The sea following from rock to rock, saunch as a bloodhound.

Searching for my clothes—my whole wardrobe hopelessly missing—Probably stolen—Pondering on the pleasant contingency of making my entry into the town like a negro, or a plucked fowl—Tide rushing on, with a hideously desolate howl of the wind—Rocks slippery, the higher the ascent, scarped and perpendicular as a wall.

A gleam of joy at seeing my coat scooped out of the crevice of the rock where I had left it, as I ignorantly thought, above the reach of ocean, and sailing towards me—Grasped it like an old friend—flung it over my shoulders, and made my escape—My breeches, shoes, watch, and purse, of course, left to be fished for on the fall of the tide.

Rapid movement towards home—in the midst of the titter of girls, and the execration of matrons, and other “*Dii majorum gentium*,” vehement against what they looked on as my *voluntary* exposure.

As I passed the principal hotel, betted on by a knot of picktooth puppies, who would have it that I was walking for a wager.—The way through the market-place consequently cleared for me—and I the universal object of ridicule, surprise, and reprobation, till I rushed within the door of my lodging.

Wearied to death—sick—dirty, and

disheartened, flung myself into my bed, and rehearsed in my sleep the whole *spectacle* of the day.

Roused by the landlady, who had found my ticket for the ball on my table.—Informed that it was midnight, and that I had no time to lose—Angry at being disturbed—yet afraid to undergo the work of my sleep again—pondered—cast my eyes on a new suit sent home that evening by the “*Tailleur plus magnifique*,” of the world and Dieppe.—Ought to go to the ball,—it was the first and last opportunity of seeing the true glory of France.—Ought to go to sleep—tired, feverish, and spiritless.—Ought to go to the ball to revive my spirits, and show the fools and puppies of the place, that I was neither mad nor merry in my morning's promenade.—Sprang out of bed.

At the ball-room door, met half the company coming out.—Had to force the breach through a host of insolents, in the shape of footmen, gendarmes, police-officers, and mendicants.

Breasted my way up stairs through a descending current of bonnetted, shawled, surtouted, swaddled, nondescript figures, that had once been quadrillers, card-players, pretty women, and prettier men.

My entrance made good at last, the company reduced to a scattering of a couple of dozens, unhappy relics of the rout, uncouthly toiling down a dance, or loitering along the benches, yawning at each other, in pale despondency; the gentlemen drained to the last civil speech, and the ladies consuming the dregs of the orgeat and lemonade.—Every soul English, brouzed up in turbans that might have frightened the Grand Turk; bedizened in tawdry costumes, imported along with themselves, and made more burlesque by an attempt to ingraft them with French alterations. The young women universally lath, plaster, and chalk; the old ones London porter, and prize-beef,—absolute Bluebeards.

Tottered home.—My landlady fast asleep;—and defying all the usual expedients of breaking a pane in her bed-chamber—tearing out her bell by the roots—Hallooing till I was hoarse—Every soul in the street poking their

night-caps out of the windows, and reviling the *coquin Anglais*—Landlady still unshaken.

Taken up by the gendarmes for disturbing the neighbourhood, amid surrounding cries of “*Eh, ah! Bah, hah!*” “*Sacre!*” “*Bien fait, bonhomme.*” “*Au cachot!*”—A sudden population of thieves and *filles de nuit* starting, as if out of the ground, to attend me to the door of my new lodging.—Locked into the *cachot* for the night.

Sunday.—IN THE CACHOT.—The sous-prefect having gone to his country-seat—Unspeakable vexation—Thinking of liberty, and England.

Monday.—The affair explained—Let loose—bounded like a lunatic home—Flung my trunk upon the neck of the first *garçon* I met, and hurried down to the steam-boat.—Boat to move in a quarter of an hour; felt for my watch—clean gone.—A family-repeater that I would not have lost for the whole bourgeois of Dieppe.—In my vexation, called the town a nest of thieves and knaves. Called on by a Frenchman at my side for an explanation of my words—Tried it—He could not comprehend my French—Gallic ass—a mob gathered—Cards given—to meet in half an hour.—The steam-boat under way, I remaining to be stabbed or shot—My baggage on board!

The challenge getting wind.—Bored with inquiries and observations—how it happened?—who it was?—whether on the cliffs or in the coffee-room?—a promise that whatever might happen, my remains should be taken care of.—Congratulations on the extinction of the *Droit d'Aubaine*, &c.

Went to the ground.—No Frenchman forthcoming.—Lingered in the neighbourhood till dinner time.

At the tavern, had my cotelette served up by a face that I half recognized—my morning challenger—the head waiter!—Saw a sneer on the fellow's countenance, and kicked him into the street—Indignantly left my dinner untouched, and walked down to the pier, to embark immediately.

No vessel going off—Lounged about till dusk—hungry and chill—Hired an open boat at ten times the price of the packet.

All night at sea—Heavy swell—Not men mutinous, lazy, and despairing.—
 knowing where we were—the Azores, Picked up by a steam-boat going to
 the Bay of Biscay, or Brighton Dieppe, with a promise of being dis-
 ---In distress—Sick to death---The charged into the first homeward vessel.

MOUNTAIN SONG.

From the German of Schiller—By GEORGE OLAUS BORROW.

That pathway before ye, so narrow and gray,
 To the depths of the chasm is leading;
 But giants stand centinel over the way,
 And threaten death to the unheeding:
 Be silent and watchful, each step that you take,
 Lest the sound of your voices the lions* awake.

And there is a bridge,—see yonder its span
 O'er the gush of the cataract bending,
 It never received its foundation from man,—
 Each mortal would die in ascending:
 The torrents, uprooting the pine and the larch,
 Dash over, but never can splinter its arch.

And now we must enter a hidden ravine,
 With its crags loosely tottering o'er us;
 Pass on, and a valley delightfully green
 Will open its bosom before us.
 O! that I could fly from each worldly alloy,
 To finish my days in its circle of joy.

Down from a cave four rivers are hurl'd,
 Each musters its force like a legion;
 And then they seek all the four parts of the world,
 Each choosing a separate region:
 All from the cavern are secretly tost,
 They murmur away, and for ever are lost.
 Three pinnacles tower, and enter the blue
 High over the mountains and waters;
 There wanton, surrounded by vapour and dew,
 The bands of the heavenly daughters;
 And there they continue their desolate reign,
 Their charms are unseen, and are wish'd for in vain.
 The queen of the regions sits high on her throne,
 And our sages have told me in story,
 That she wears on her temples a chrysolite crown,
 Which causes yon halo of glory;
 The sun on her robes darts his arrows of gold,
 And brightens them only,—they ever are cold.

* The Avalanches, called in the Swiss dialect *Lawine*, or Lions.

[We have read many different relations of the following Tale, but none so pleasant as the one from
 "*Æsop in Rhyme*," a new work by *Jefferys Taylor*, just published.]

THE MILKMAID.

A Milkmaid, who poized a full pail on her head,
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
 "Let's see—I should think that this milk will procure
 One hundred good eggs, or fourscore to be sure,
 "Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
 Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
 But if twenty for accidents should be detached,
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.
 "Well—sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens I mean;
 Of these some may die:—we'll suppose seventeen,—
 Seventeen!—not so many—say ten at the most,
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.
 But then there's their barley: how much will they need?
 Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed
 So that's a mere trifle:—now then, let us see,
 At a fair market price, how much money there'll be?
 "Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
 To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
 Now what will that make?—fifty chickens I said,
 Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.
 "O but stop!—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
 Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
 A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain)
 Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.
 "Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how plague some it is,
 That I can't reckon up as much money as this!
 Well, there's no use in trying; so let's give a guess;
 I will say twenty pounds, and it can't be no less.
 "Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
 Thirty geese, and two turkies, eight pigs and a sow;
 Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year
 I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.
 "Then I'll bid that old tumble-down hovel good bye;
 My mother she'll scold, and my sisters they'll cry:
 But I won't care a crow's egg for all they can say;
 I shan't go to stop with such beggars as they!
 But forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
 The maid superciliously toss'd up her head;
 When alas for her prospects—her milk-pail descended!
 And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached;
 Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.

VARIETIES.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The Civil Day, or that by which the affairs of life are guided, commences at different periods in various parts of the world, according to the customs or calculations of the inhabitants. Thus the ancient Babylonians, Persians, Syrians, and most of the Eastern nations, began their day at sunrise, while the Athenians, Jews, &c. on the contrary, began theirs at sun-setting, which is continued at the present time in China, Austria, Italy, &c. The ancient Egyptians, Romans, and some others began theirs at midnight, and this custom was followed by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese, who count the hours from midnight to twelve at noon, and then twelve more from noon to midnight.

The Astronomical Day commences at noon of the Civil Day, and is reckoned from 1 to 24 hours, without division; this is used by the Arabians. If our earth had but one motion, viz that round its own axis, the day would be only 23 hours 56 minutes, and a few seconds in length; but as it also advances nearly one degree eastward in its orbit for every revolution round its axis, the sun must consequently be at that distance to the westward; and the time from his being on the meridian one day, to his appearance on the same meridian the next, is exactly 24 hours; and this is readily ascertained by observing the fixed stars, for they come to the meridian 3 min. and about 56 sec. earlier every evening.

MR. CONWAY.

Among the dramatic changes, one gentleman is leaving this country for America, who has not for several seasons occupied that station on our stage which his fine talents so justly entitled him to hold. The absence of Mr. Conway from the London boards is one of the strongest instances we know of the power of malignant criticism and consequent public caprice. Unquestionably one of the ablest and most accomplished performers of the period, we have seen men of half his powers maintaining high places in that course from which he was driven by the most unfair personal and bitter persecution. We trust the transatlantic lovers of the drama will appreciate his merits as they deserve, and treat with the liberality due to him, not only an excellent actor, but a pleasing and honourable member of society, and a man of superior intellectual endowments.

CHINESE.

We mentioned in a late number of the *Literary Gazette*, that two young Chinese had been placed at the University of Halle, by the King of Prussia, for the purpose of obtaining the means of scientifically studying the Chinese language. The following are farther particulars respecting the interesting individuals in question. One of them As-Sing, who is thirty years of age, was born at Heong-San, a short distance from Canton. His father, who was a priest and an astrologer, died before As-

Sing was five years old. He was brought up by his mother and his uncle, the latter of whom was in the custom-house at Canton. As-Sing having received a careful education, and obtained some notion of the English language, he visited first Macao, then India, and lastly St. Helena; where he was for three years a cook in the house of Napoleon; after whose death he was employed for some time in English vessels, as an interpreter between the English and his countrymen. He went to London, and there met with his countryman Ha-ho, who is five and twenty years of age, and was born in the neighbourhood of Canton; being the son of a silk-merchant. These two young Chinese entered into a treaty with a Dutchman called Lasthausen, by which he was authorized to exhibit them on the Continent for money. It was from that abject state that they were rescued by royal munificence. They begin to stammer out a little German, and are of great use to the young orientalists in the University, who, as well as the Missionaries, attend at the lessons which the two Chinese receive, under the superintendence of the celebrated Professor Gesenius, assisted by two of his pupils.

CURE OF RING WORM.

SIR,—Of those diseases which do not endanger life, nor destroy any part of the animal organization, few are of more importance than that which is well known by the popular appellation of *ring-worm of the scalp*, the *Porriga scutula* of medical writers. This disease which is peculiar to children, has long been a source of terror in schools; having materially injured many respectable seminaries. In families it has been a tedious and very expensive visitor; remaining, in many instances, for years, resisting protracted and painful modes of treatment, and excluding the little sufferers from desirable places of instruction.

Dr. Bateman declares it to be a very unmanageable disease, and many members of the medical profession coincide with the doctor in that opinion. Viewed in this light, it is most certainly an affection of importance, and an efficacious remedy is worthy the attention of the public. Fifteen years of successful practice in this disease, the writer considers to be a sufficient authority for the assertions he may make respecting its cure.

A malady so well known does not require a tedious definition in this place; it may, however, be proper to state, that in its progress two states or stages are distinguishable; the first may be called the irritable, the second the indolent, stage; to this latter the plan about to be proposed is particularly applicable. In those cases which have resisted the ordinary means, which are of long standing and obstinate, the following treatment has been very efficacious:—The head should be frequently shaved, and kept covered with an oiled-silk cap, or instead of which a thin bladder has sometimes been used. An ointment should

be formed, by mixing together spermaceti cerate and finely pulverized supertartrate of potass, in such proportions as to make it of a very firm consistence; of which a piece the size of a nutmeg, or larger, according to the extent of the surface affected should be well rubbed on the part with the palm of the hand, every night, for three or four minutes; the head should be well washed with soap and water every third night, previously to the application of the ointment.

Internal medicines are seldom requisite in this advanced stage, except where the character of the affection is irregular, or there is a peculiarity in the constitution of the patient; in which cases some modification of treatment will necessarily be required: these variations will readily be made by any respectable practitioner.

The above plan, if diligently pursued for from three to six weeks, will rarely disappoint the expectations of those who try it, even in the most inveterate cases.

Aug. 15, 1823. JOSEPH HOULTON.

RATS.

The brown or Norway rat, which abounds in the Hebrides, after a shower, goes down upon the rocks, while the limpets are crawling about, and, by a sudden push with its nose, detaches them from the rock for food. Should the first effort fail, another is never attempted against the same individual, now warned, and adhering closely to the rock; but the rat proceeds instantly to others still off their guard, until enough of food has been procured.

THE PIGEON POST OFFICE, established in Belgium, and which was set up to rival the telegraphic system, has experienced a severe check. Of 65 of these winged messengers, which set out on the 9th of August from Lyons, for Verviers (near Liege), one only arrived the same day at its destination. Four more have since appeared; but nothing has been seen of the remaining sixty. It is thought (says the foreign writer who tells the story), that preferring repose to the love of country, these voyager-pigeons, in spite of themselves, have fallen into the hands of masters who will not use them as they would horses.

MR. BELZONI.

The Cambridge Chronicle announces a subscription having been set afoot in that University for defraying the expenses of Mr. Belzoni's journey to Fez, where his further progress to the South was so unaccountably stopped after the fairest prospects of success.—It appears that letters have reached the friends of that gentleman, from Teneriffe, dated so recently as the 25th of July, in which he expresses a determination not to turn his face towards Europe, happen what may, till he has reached the intended point of his Expedition.

MORALS IN FRANCE.

From an official return published of the births, marriages, and deaths, occurring in Paris in the year 1822, it appears, that of

26,880 children born, not less than 9,751 were bastards; or more than 36 illegitimate children out of every 100: the marriages were 7,157, and the deaths 23,269: in every instance there is, in these returns, a near approach to equality between the males and the females, except as to the *still-born* children, of which 792 were males, and only 626 females, which seems a singular result.

SPINNING MICE.

They laugh at every thing in France. The recent calculation as to the possibility of employing mice in spinning cotton, has produced the following facetious paragraph in one of the French provincial Papers:—"It has been announced that a mouse employed in treading a little wheel for the purpose of spinning cotton, and in doing so, making as many steps in a day as are equal to four post-leagues, would produce a profit, clear of all expenses, of eight francs a year; and it has been asked, 'What might not be accomplished by two or three thousand mice?' This new impelling power will form an epoch in the present age of industry."—"A few feet from me is a squirrel, whose size and the quickness of whose revolutions would, if I mistake not, make him worth a hundred mice, for such a purpose; putting out of the question the much larger spindle that he would turn. According to my calculation, which is founded on that respecting mice, if 100 mice would yield an annual profit of 800 francs, a single squirrel would yield as much; and if a manufacturer were to employ 100 of these working quadrupeds, his annual gains would be 80,000 francs; besides their wages paid to them in food.—Should that sum be thought too large, I consent to its reduction to a half, which would still be a handsome profit. It is evident, therefore, that if the labour of mice is compared with that of squirrels, the advantage is in favour of the latter. In publishing this important discovery, I may perhaps draw upon myself the animadversion of mice, but cats will do me justice."

VILLAGE LIBRARIES.

We are glad to see plans of Village and Neighbourly Libraries again afloat, and we once more recommend them to the zealous support of our readers. They complete the education of the people. The national schools commence a system of general instruction, which these perfect. The good effects of schools are lost if books are not provided for subsequent amusement and instruction; and these may be introduced into every village or neighbourly circle for ten or twelve guineas, and kept up at a guinea or two per annum. The books should not be of a canting or gloomy description, but should illustrate History, Geography, Biography, Natural Knowledge, and Voyages and Travels. We have seen a computation that there already exist in the United Kingdom not less than 340 permanent subscription libraries, 1900 book societies of circulation, and double the num-

ber of village libraries, the annual purchase of books by the whole exceeding sixty thousand pounds, and supplying one hundred thousand persons with reading of a solid and instructive character. Besides these means of enlightening the public, there are above 1000 circulating libraries, which supply sentimental reading to the female sex; and, in the three kingdoms, not short of 2,500 shops, which subsist wholly or chiefly by the sale of books. All these serve more or less as antidotes to superstition and political slavery; and, while they exist and flourish, a million of men in the liveries of power, the corruptions of parliament, and the chicanery of law, cannot cheat us of those rights and privileges on which depend our national energies and social prosperity. Behold this true picture of Britain, all ye foreign nations who sigh for liberty, and seek to enjoy it in paper constitutions. These may please the eye of speculative philosophy, but the genius of freedom will never fix her abode except among an educated population; and, whenever a paper constitution is promulgated, it should be accompanied simultaneously by the instruction of the whole population, and by the multiplication and activity of printing presses. If France had thus been instructed by Napoleon, the vile Cossacks would never have polluted her soil:—and, if Spain had been educated, her population would have risen *en masse* on the armed banditti who now spread desolation through her fertile provinces.—*Mon. Mag.*

SHOOTING.

A son of W. Thurman, of Catten, tailor, about 15 years of age, being about eight weeks ago employed in shooting small birds which were in the upper branches of a tree on his father's premises, the barrel of the piece burst, by which he was struck to the ground: and the report of the explosion being heard, he was found by some of the family apparently lifeless. On removing him into the house, it was perceived that he was not dead; and the best medical assistance being promptly resorted to, it was discovered that one of his eyes had been forced in by some part of the gun, and though animation was restored, he was incapable of speech; and any kind of nourishment was with difficulty forced down. In this painful and perilous state he continued during the space of five weeks, at the end of which time the part of the gun which the explosion had forced into his eye, made its way through into his mouth, and by putting in his fingers he brought it away; when, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, there was the breech of the barrel, the screw, and part of the wood of the stock, the whole of which had, ever since the accident, been making its way through the internal cavities of the nostrils, and which, on being weighed, was found to be of the weight of nearly two ounces; since which time (except the loss he has sustained of one of his eyes) he is in a fair way of recovery.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The good effects of Mr Martin's Law against cruelty to animals begins to be acted upon through the nation, and must tend to produce sentiments of humanity among persons who hitherto have treated animals as they would blocks of stone. Rational beings, as they call themselves, are nevertheless so irrational as never to reflect on the love of life and the feelings of creatures not exactly in their own form; and this total absence of the faculty of thinking in nine of every ten of the human race is the cause of the numberless cruelties practised on beings as sensitive as ourselves. To the immortal honour of Mr. Martin, he has, *unaided*, been indefatigable in carrying his own Law into action, and has brought to punishment some of the brutal bipeds who abuse cattle in Smithfield, and who ill-treat that noble animal the horse. We are sorry to find that even Christians, who affect to respect the great moral law, suffer it to operate only in regard to objects whose reaction they fear. They generally do as they would be done unto when men as powerful as themselves, and under equal protection of the law, are concerned; but, when the object is defenceless, and under no legal protection, they then skin, boil, and roast alive, without remorse, and inflict other tortures too horrible to describe. The God of all must view these matters differently.

Balloon speculators are again in activity, but managed with such small dexterity, as to prove, either that the parties were pretenders, or that the art retrogrades. The plan of filling with gas from the street-pipes much facilitates and cheapens the process, yet several failures in time, or ascent, have recently taken place, and even common accidents have not been guarded against. Nevertheless it appears, that, however high the parties ascend, and however low the barometer falls, the gas is still sufficient for the purposes of respiration: and the most remarkable, and perhaps unaccountable phenomenon, is the rapidity of progress compared with the ascertained velocity of winds, one of our recent aeronauts having gone over thirty-five miles in eighteen minutes.

ENGRAVING.

Lithography and engraving on wood are working great changes in the general features of literature. We have just seen a small map from the office of Mr. WILlich, from writing on stone, which proves the great capabilities of that art in a new line. And in regard to wood, in which Mr. BEwicke, the reviver, was a few years since the only artist, there are now in London twenty or thirty masters, and twice as many apprentices, in full work. Steel engraving, introduced by Messrs. PERKINS and HEATH, is also becoming general for school and popular books, which require tens of thousands of impressions; and we are indebted to Mr. READ for the introduction of

a metal harder than copper, and not so susceptible of the action of oil, from which 10 or 20,000 good impressions may be taken of delicate subjects. In fact, between stone, wood, and steel, and Read's hard metal, the old material of copper plates seems likely to be abandoned. The great work of "Nature Displayed," which has just appeared, contains no less than 260 plates; but the whole are fine specimens of steel, hard metal, or wood, and calculated to yield fifty thousand good impressions, whereas copper would not have afforded above 2000. Hence we get richly ornamented books 100 per cent. cheaper than heretofore.

A MAJOR LONGBOW.

At the time when Matthews is making the world laugh with his Longbow stories, the following parallel may amuse:—"A friend, (says the relator,) lately returned from abroad, calling on me one morning, I inquired if he had seen any thing very particularly interesting in his travels? He replied, 'No; with the exception, perhaps, of a curious mode they have in Siberia of procuring the skin of the Sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water, and some carrion-meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his situation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer with a sharp knife cuts him transversely on the face. The Sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin, of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!!' Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friend assured me that he never could have believed it had he not frequently beheld it himself."

Berlin, August.

Dr. Ehrenberg and Dr. Hemprich, the Prussian naturalists travelling in Egypt, are not now coming back to Europe, as some journals have reported. On the contrary, they are on the point of undertaking a new expedition, which they have been enabled to do by the farther support given them by his Majesty the King of Prussia. In a letter from Suez, dated June 8, this year, they give the following outlines of their plan. They intend first to visit the coasts of the Red Sea, and to make the longest stay at Tor and Akaba. They will then embark for Mocha, from which place they will make excursions (carrying with them as little baggage or incumbrance of any kind as possi-

ble) to the Abyssinian coast, and the islands about Bab-el-Mandeb. After this they will go to Suakim; and, if circumstances permit, they will endeavour again to penetrate to Nubia and Sennaar, in order to make themselves better acquainted with the fruitful countries, which they saw there on their first journey, and of which they only partially skirted the frontiers. They purpose then to return to Cairo by way of Cosseir and Gineh.

LITERARY NEWS.

The name of the forthcoming Waverley novel is announced to be St. Ronan's Well.

Capt. Parry's Journal of his Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, is already in the press, and will be published, with maps and numerous plates, in December.

A new work, from the pen of Miss PORTER, author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," &c. will shortly appear, in three volumes, entitled Duke Christian of Luncberg, or Traditions from the Hartz.

Mr. Roscoe has been long engaged on a variorum edition of Pope, and it may be expected to make its appearance the ensuing winter.

The Library of Napoleon was lately sold in London. Many of the books had notes by himself, and they fetched high prices. His ornamented walking-stick fetched thirty-seven guineas.

At the sale of Mr. Nollekin's works, his head of Sterne fetched 58 guineas, and of Fox 145 guineas.

The Golden Cross, Charing Cross, and the adjoining buildings, are to come down, and a splendid building erected on its site like the Pantheon at Rome.

The Assembly of Rabbis and Elders of Plosko, in Poland, came lately to a determination to allow the Jews to celebrate their Sabbath on the Sunday. The Polish Israelites are generally allowed to surpass their brethren of other countries in intelligence, attending to moral and useful instruction, rather than to cabalistical and talmudical dogmata.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

The shops of Messrs. MILLER and of SOUTER, who import American books, prove, by the variety and importance of the novelties which they exhibit, that American literature is beginning to stand on its own legs. Thus far it could not be avoided that the transatlantic presses should merely reflect the literature of the mother country; but the improved capital of American booksellers begins to enable them to encourage original works, and, although the names of the writers are seldom classical, and their pronouns are often puritanical, consisting of Zachariahs, Emanuels, Elkanahs, Jedidiahhs, Hezekiahhs, and the like, yet their good sense and originality, and the genius of liberty do the rest.